



No. 272.—Vol. XXI.

WEDNESDAY, APRIL 13, 1898.

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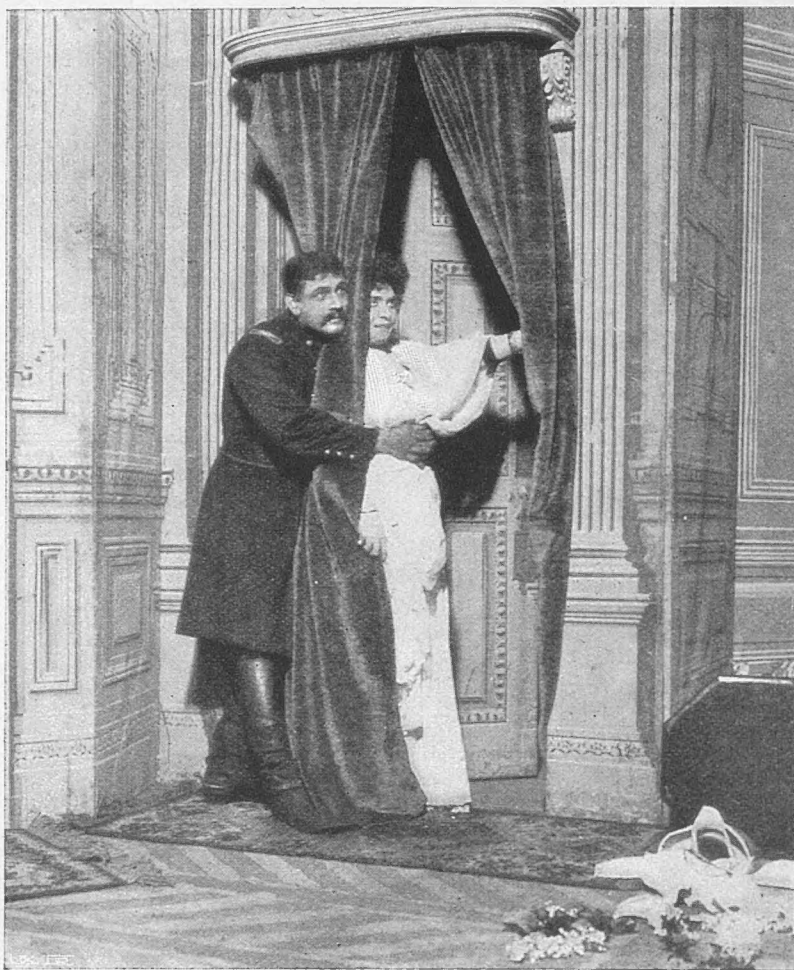


MRS. LESLIE CARTER AS MARYLAND CALVERT IN "THE HEART OF MARYLAND,"
AT THE ADELPHI THEATRE.

"THE HEART OF MARYLAND," AT THE ADELPHI THEATRE.

American importations of theatrical wares seem to threaten to become as common as the ubiquitous adaptation from the French. The precedent has certainly been well set, when we consider the pleasure play-goers have derived from "Secret Service" and lighter works such as "Jedbury Junior," "The Sleeping Partner," "A Bachelor's Romance," and the rest. It is not surprising, then, that the Adelphi should welcome to its boards another story of the American War, acted once more by an American company. "The Heart of Maryland," by David Belasco, was produced in 1895 at New York, and ran with uninterrupted success for the entire season. The leading rôles of Maryland Calvert and Colonel Alan Kendrick were played, and are now to be played at the Adelphi, by Mrs. Leslie Carter and Mr. Maurice Barrymore, father of Miss Ethel Barrymore, who has become a favourite on this side of the Atlantic.

The former American war-story at the Adelphi was, for all its interest, simple in construction. "The Heart of Maryland" is, to use a stage phrase, "more of a production." It is a thrilling story of love and war, wrought from old elements, but with a fresh and interest-arousing combination. The heroine, Maryland Calvert, a Southern girl, is in love with Alan Kendrick, a colonel in the United States Army. Kendrick's father is a Confederate General, whose position is supposed



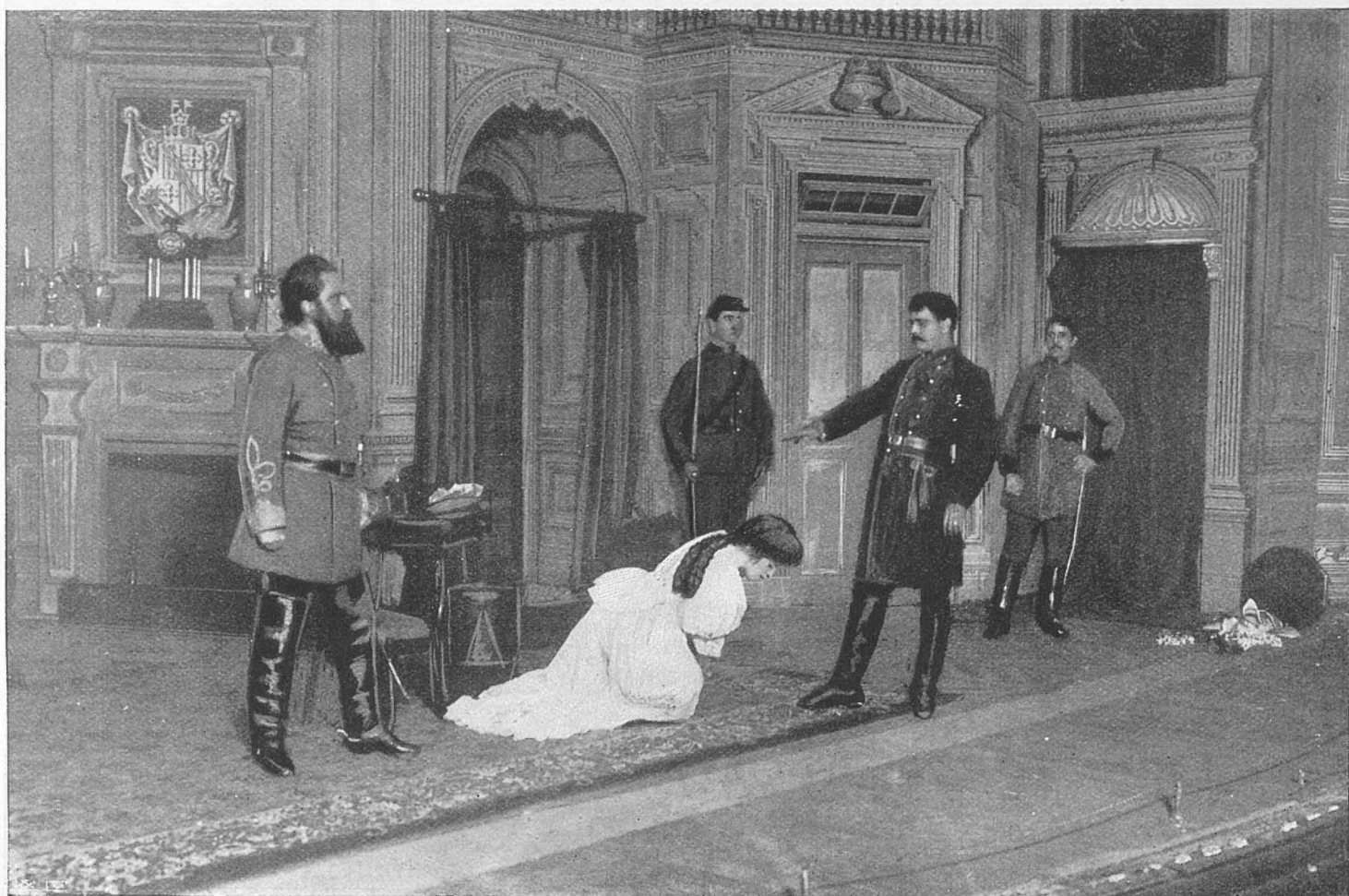
The stolen embrace: Maryland Calvert (Mrs. Leslie Carter) and Colonel Alan Kendrick (Mr. Maurice Barrymore).

to be somewhat similar to that of "Stonewall" Jackson. The lovers are separated by political differences, and their plight is made worse by the machinations of Colonel Thorpe, an officer nominally in the secret service of the United States, but really a traitor to the flag.

Maryland has a brother, whose death Thorpe compasses; at the same time, Alan Kendrick is arrested on a charge of collusion as a spy with the dead youth. Maryland believes that the man who has been arrested is a spy, but is not aware of his identity. In ignorance, she denounces him while he is under guard in an adjoining room. On his being produced, Maryland's position touches a top-note of tragedy. Her lover forgives her for the unconscious betrayal.

Military law must take its course, and General Kendrick, approving the finding of the court-martial, like another Brutus, sentences his own son to death. Maryland determines to save Kendrick, and so, during an hour of truce, makes her way through the line, and obtains from General Hooker a letter directing General Kendrick to grant Alan a reprieve, as his innocence can be proved. The guilt is to be fixed on the real offender, who is not named, but is understood to be Colonel

Thorpe. From these incidents the action leads rapidly to the chief scenes of the play. General Kendrick has been slain, and is succeeded by the drunken savage, Thorpe, who determines to carry out Alan's

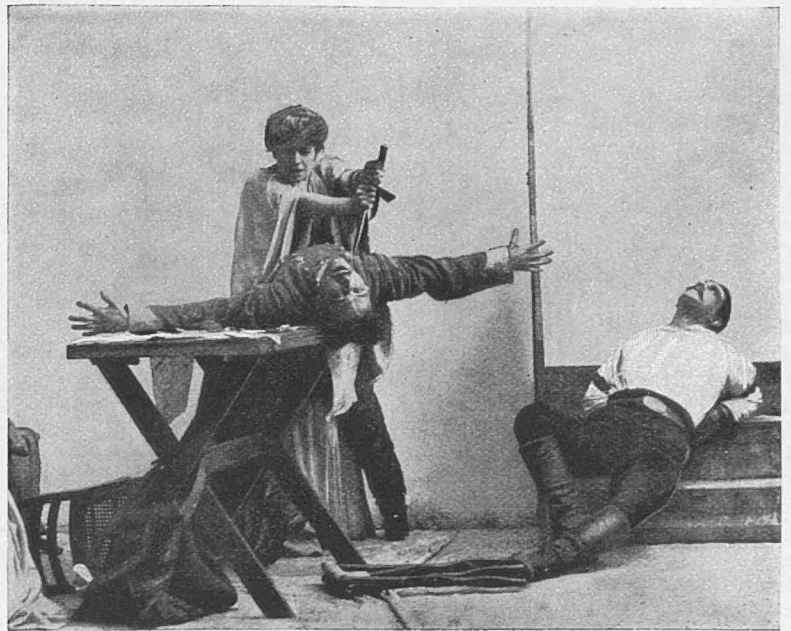


Maryland Calvert unconsciously denounces her lover as a spy.



Alan Kendrick forcing Colonel Thorpe (Mr. Edward Morgan) to retract.

sentence forthwith. Maryland pleads with him for a further reprieve, but he brutally repulses her and entraps her into a confession, which renders her also liable to a spy's fate. She is arrested and confronted with her lover, who is bound and awaiting execution. In the presence of the helpless Kendrick, Thorpe insults Maryland and attempts to kiss her. In the struggle she seizes a bayonet which serves as a candlestick, and with it strikes the villain to the earth. She then liberates her lover from his prison in an old church, and to cover his escape resorts to the method practised by the heroine in "Curfew must not ring to-night." The church bell is to be tolled to notify Kendrick's escape, but Maryland climbs the belfry tower and renders the old sexton's labours in vain. In this last scene Mrs. Leslie Carter has one of her best chances. The piece is in four acts and six scenes. Act I. The Lilacs, Boonesboro'; "green-walled by the hills of Maryland." Act II.



Maryland stabs Colonel Thorpe.

Southern headquarters at The Lilacs. Act III. Scene 1. Outside an old vestibule of old church; 2. Colonel Thorpe's headquarters in vestibule of old church; 3. The belfry. Act IV. At The Lilacs. The interest is maintained not only by a thrilling story, but by all the machinery of melodrama as she is played and staged. Mrs. Leslie Carter is a great favourite in America. Very few actresses possess the physical strength to play her part in "The Heart of Maryland."

Mr. Barrymore, it may be noticed, was married to Miss Georgie Drew, the sister of Mr. John Drew. She died five or six years ago, leaving two boys and a girl, Ethel. Her mother, Mrs. John Drew, died only last year, at the age of seventy-nine. Mrs. Drew was born in England, her mother, Mrs. Lane, being a well-known actress. Thus Miss Ethel Barrymore has the blood of three generations of players in her veins. Within as many weeks no fewer than three other American plays will be running in London.



Uncle Dan'l (Mr. Walter Belasco).



Nanny (Miss Minnie Dupree) consulting the cards with Lieutenant Telfair (Mr. Frank Mills).



Scene in the old church, which is used as Kendrick's prison.

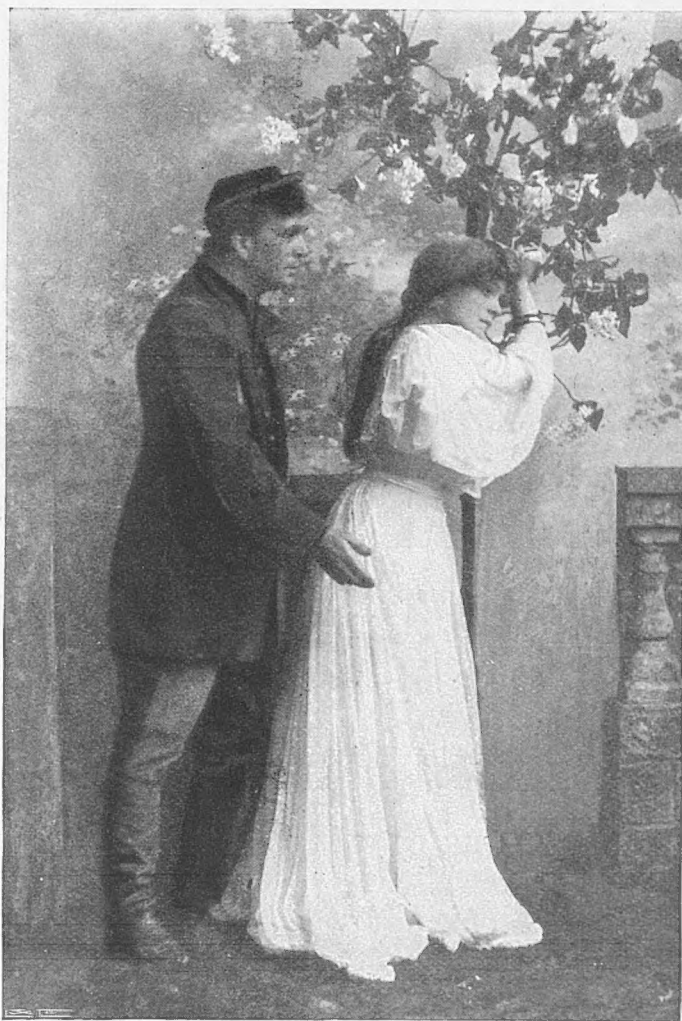
THE GRAMMAR THAT WENT.

In any chase after the "grammar that went" in daily journalism you have no need to possess the eye of a grammatical hawk; you have but to pick up your paper and read right on. Here is Mr. J. F. Nisbet in the *Academy* delivering a tremendous lecture to the contemporary sub-editor upon grammatical sins. Mr. Nisbet is a dragon. "A speech of Mr. Gladstone," says he, "is journalese; but, of course, it is incorrect—it should be 'Mr. Gladstone's.'" It need be nothing of the kind; where no ambiguity is possible no man is bound to use the double genitive in the case of a substantive. But when Mr. Nisbet fatuously suggests the dragging of provincialisms for "new words," and mentions "cop," for example, as a pretty variant to "catch," I should suggest to him a visit to Whitechapel, where men "cop hold of one another" a million times a day. After reading Mr. Nisbet, one feels that there is one paper in the world which is on the high grade of grammatical purity. Alas! on another page I read, "The Papal Nuncio was present, and so *was* a Russian Grand Duke and the Russian Ambassador." Was they now?

In a highly literary review published in the same paper, I find, three lines from the beginning, "Mooted so long ago as 1864, editor after editor has failed to

cope with its exacting demands." Mooting an editor reads like a patent method of literary punishment. The same writer speaks of a "charm, like the mellowed colour of a Titian, which was not there when Chaucer wrote,"—surely a magnificent historical discovery. The same reviewer exclaims, "What high-roads of narration he *can* achieve!" But how do you achieve a high-road, anyway? This seems a bit of a puzzle, though it may not be so to the writer.

Mr. Nisbet, in his draconian article, rightly complains of the inaccuracy too often perpetrated in such a phrase as "I intended to have written," instead of "to write." An even worse example occurs in the *Saturday Review* of last week: "It may have led to his descent at a sufficiently low latitude to have enabled him to reach land." My only wonder is that the writer did not say "to have reached" as well. "G. B. S.," the defender of the split infinitive, is, for looseness of language, hopeless, so that one is not surprised to find him just now remarking, "They are run as long as people will come to them, and often considerably longer"; and a little later, in a hurry for a word, he coins the dreadful hybrid "backwardation." In the same paper I find that detestable word "phenomenal"; but it is, perhaps, too late to hope that writers of second-rate English will now ever be persuaded to give up the doubtful joys of using so pretentious and ugly an epithet.



"Before the stars fade into dawn I shall be far away."



"These socks are No. 12; I'm knitting them for a good, square-footed Northerner."



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EDITED BY CLEMENT K. SHORTER.

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NEWSBOYS' BOLD BIDS FOR FORTUNE.

Street vendors of newspapers are notoriously inveterate gamblers. Even the smallest seller of "hextry speshuls" daily backs his fancy to the extent of twopence or threepence; while, in the case of the older hands, the "bit on" often amounts to as much as five shillings a day. Said a gentleman who takes a great interest in and thoroughly understands the class—"You would be surprised at the hold betting has upon some of these vendors. Every year one or two young fellows have a run of luck, and, netting fifty pounds or so, retire from the business. The story of So and So's win quickly goes the round, and, fired with a spirit of emulation, others throw themselves heart and soul into an attempt to do likewise. They work like niggers at their newspaper-selling, but the bulk of their profits goes to the bookmakers.

"Of course, fortune favours a few. A youth wins steadily for two or three weeks, and finds himself with several pounds in hand. Then it is that he makes his bold bid for wealth, or, as he himself would term it, 'plays his winnings up.' He gets hold of a Continental 'list,' in which the odds against animals engaged in forthcoming races of importance are quoted, and, fixing on two horses, stakes the whole of his capital upon them winning a double event. Say that the prices of the horses backed are twelve to one and five to one, the odds laid against both of them winning their respective races are sixty to one, and, therefore, if three pounds is staked, the backer stands to win one hundred and eighty pounds. Needless to say, scarcely one in five hundred of these 'doubles' comes off. Generally both horses lose, and even though the twelve to one 'chance' wins its race, the shorter-priced animal manages to get beaten, or *vice versa*. So the news vendor starts again, plying his trade in all weathers.

"I know one man who has been making these bids for fortune for nearly ten years. He has a good West-End 'pitch,' and this yields him about three pounds a-week. But he hasn't a penny saved, despite the fact that he lives in the most frugal way. Regularly every Saturday throughout the racing season he remits the greater portion of his earnings to a well-known firm of bookmakers in Holland. Double and treble events are his favourite modes of speculation, and, as he invariably selects 'outsiders,' the odds laid are so long that he frequently stands to win four or five hundred pounds over a 'double.' Several times during the last season one of his fancies proved victorious, while the other only just failed to win.

"Another young fellow I know who had one of the best 'pitches' in the City. He earned considerably over two pounds a-week, but, as quite half his earnings passed into the hands of the bookies, he had not a shilling put by. Well, on the publication of the 'acceptances' for two important handicaps, this youth became so enamoured of the chances possessed by a couple of the horses engaged, that he sold his pitch for seven pounds, and staked nearly the whole amount upon the animals in questions bringing off the double event. The Continental firm with whom he made the bet laid him something like four hundred and fifty pounds to six, and a fortnight later the first of the handicaps was decided. In this race the news vendor's fancy 'rolled home,' as the phrase goes, and, had he pleased, he could so have 'hedged' his bet as to be certain of clearing about fifty pounds. But he wouldn't 'hedge.' The horse he had chosen for the second race was, he declared, a greater 'pinch' than even the other had been—it absolutely could not lose. It did lose, however, and by a short head only. At the present time the youth is as far off fortune as ever—farther, in fact, for, having disposed of his 'pitch,' he can now only earn sufficient money to pay for his board and lodging and have his daily 'bit on.' Oh yes; he goes on betting regularly—in shillings—and is only waiting to bring off a nice win in order to try another big double event. He is confident of accomplishing a *coup* one of these days, and then, as he tells his mates, 'No more o' this gutter work fer me! I'll 'ave a 'ouse o' my own, an' as smart a pony-an'-trap as you'll see anywheres.'

"That's his ambition—a pony-and-trap. If he would leave racing alone and stick to business, he might achieve his ambition, for he's a sharp and energetic young fellow enough. But it's no use telling him so. He's got the gambling fever, and thinks he's a 'cute judge of 'form.' They all think that—it's a part of the malady."

OUR NAVY, AS MADE IN GERMANY.

An Edinburgh correspondent, referring to the diagrams in last week's issue, says—

It is truly astonishing that statistics compiled and figures constructed "in Germany" should be preferred to British sources of information—for example, Brassey's Annual.

(1) The number of battleships in our Navy is *not* double that of corresponding French vessels, and is not equal even to that of the combined battleships of France and Russia.

(2) The armament of British ships is not as great in proportion to their size as in the case of French and Russian vessels; and in a fair number of our older vessels muzzle-loading guns are still employed.

(3) Our superiority in cruisers (unarmoured) is admitted, but it does *not* correspond to the magnitude of the commerce (British) which they would have to defend in time of war.

(4) Our expenditure per ton of shipping which the fleet must protect is less than that of any great nation.

He marvels that *The Sketch* could reproduce such pictures. But herein lay the whole point. Here were two pictures that had been going the round of the German illustrated papers, and they represented the German idea of our Navy. *The Sketch* carefully safeguarded itself by stating the source of the pictures.

SMALL TALK.

The blackthorn, or wild sloe, is the first-flowering bush in this country, and it has come out; so that you may know for a certainty that spring has come.

One of the minor German royalties whose name has been intimately connected with the stage for many years celebrated his silver wedding a few days since. Duke George II. of Saxe-Meiningen not alone showed his early devotion to the footlights by marrying an actress, but has with her help and active co-operation since then formed and helped to train a company of artists which has made the Court of his little principality famous in Europe. The Duke's first wife, Princess Charlotte of Prussia, lived five years, and their son, the Hereditary Prince Bernhard, will succeed to the title. Princess Feodora of Hohenlohe-Langenburg, his second wife, died shortly after her marriage, and when Fräulein Helene Frantz married the twice-bereaved widower in 1873 she was considered one of the most beautiful and accomplished actresses of her day. The contract was a morganatic one, but, after some agitation, the lady was created Baroness Von Heldburg, a title by which she is known and widely esteemed not only by the highly placed among whom her lines have been cast, but by many a now prosperous artist whose budding talent has been helped to a fully flowering fame through the kindly help and interest of "Fräulein Frantz."

The Emperor of Germany never fails to wear on all great occasions a queer old ring set with a black stone of no particular value. This is a talisman in his family, and every Hohenzollern has the deepest respect for the quaint little jewel. The legend is that one day the stone was brought by a toad into the room of the wife of the Elector John of Brandenburg and deposited on her bed. Frederick the Great's father had it mounted as a ring and bequeathed it to his son, who believed firmly in its value as a talisman, and many of the documents of that time deposited in the archives at Berlin make allusion to it.

Zola's luck has been almost overlooked in the general hubbub of the war-mongers; but luck it is for all that. It is not generally known that he has a strange prejudice against the number seven, which most people consider lucky. Whenever he is alone, with nothing to do, he sits back in his chair and adds up all the numbers which pass through his mind. When he drives through the streets, he adds up the numbers of cabs, houses, and everything else he comes across. If the total is seven or the multiple of seven, he is worried for the whole day. On the seventh day of the month he will never begin any important business if he can avoid it, and it was a great blow to him to find that the beginning of his trial was fixed for the 7th of February.

The Arabs have a similar prejudice against the number five, which is considered unlucky even to name. If, in making a purchase, you mention the word *khamsa* (five), the shopman will probably reply angrily, "*Fi ainek*" ("In your eye"), meaning "May the unlucky number strike you with the evil eye." Instead of saying "five," an Arab will say "*aadet yedik*" ("the total of your hand"), a roundabout way of enumerating your fingers. This is a specially favoured expression, as the outstretched hand is considered the best of all safeguards against the

evil eye. All over the Arab towns you may see it painted up over doorways, stencilled on the backs of catile, and even hung as a charm round the necks of camels.

Zola's wife has received much notice in Italy of late. She is described as "a lovely and fragrant flower of sweetness and power." Courage, haughtiness, and serenity have been her attributes during this trying time, and she is reported to have said, "Let them come to attack my house; I shall be there to defend it." A speech worthy of a Roman dame. Thus Garibaldi, Cavallotti, and Zola, France, Italy, and Liberty, will be indissolubly associated. The nearer union of the Latin races may still be accomplished.

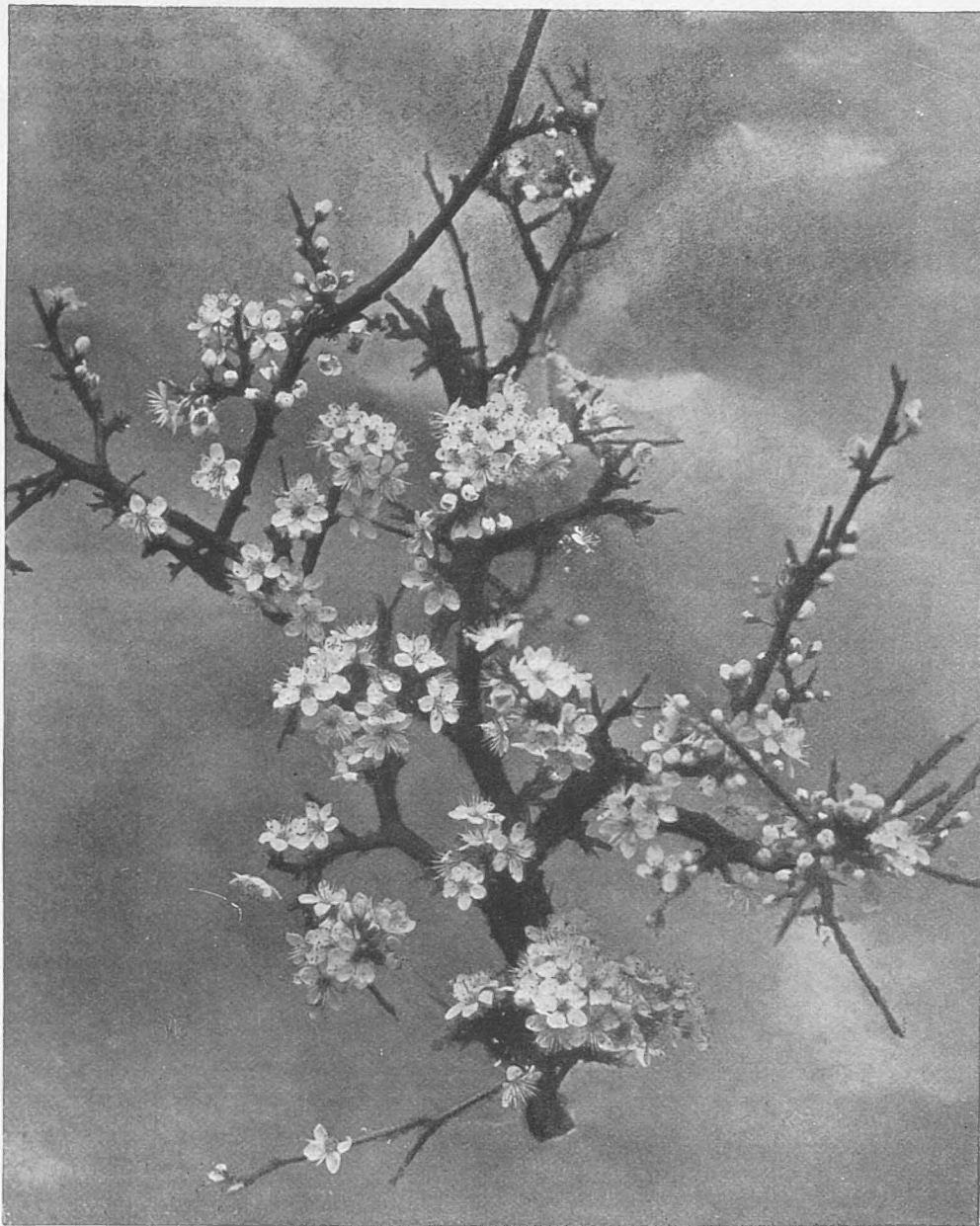
The King of the Belgians and Emperor of the Congo is never loth to turn an honest penny. His latest money transaction has been to sell the royal domain of Ardennes, between Namur and Jemelle, to a company. The country all round is extremely picturesque, and the shooting and fishing are said to be very good. The King's castle will be converted into a magnificent hotel. It is really to be wondered at that the good Leopold did not turn innkeeper himself. I am sure that, with his business abilities, he would have managed to make it pay royally. King Milan once owned a hotel in Belgrade, but when he attempted to mortgage it twice over he had to abandon his vicarious position of landlord.

Dwarfs, no doubt, envy giants and sigh to be of majestic size, but sometimes the dwarf may find himself better off. The Grand Duke Paul Alexandrovitch, uncle of the Emperor of Russia, for instance, is so tall that he can never find a bed big enough to hold him. Wherever he goes, therefore, he is obliged to carry his bed with him, and woe betide his valet if by any chance this important piece of luggage gets mislaid or lost. In all the royal palaces of Russia he keeps his own bed, which he uses whenever he goes to stay with the Emperor.

The social vacuum which still more or less pervades London in Lent is, on one plea or another, set aside abroad, where that

charity which covers its sins and chases away dulness at the same time, in the form of fêtes and theatricals, employs its shining hour with laudable perseverance. All Vienna mustered in that immense building known as Renz's Circus to see a very novel entertainment in aid of poor actors and their families recently. Something novel is always expected when the Society of Actors annually takes the floor for this object. This year it excelled itself, seeing that all the principal artists in Vienna arranged to play at circus in the building dedicated to that purpose, by way of increasing the "actuality" of the whole affair. Everyone naturally flocked to see a burlesque favourite playing at unaccustomed equestrianism, or a tragedienne giving one or two very safe acrobatic "turns," or a popular singer driving tandem round the ring. Among the audience were Prince Rudolf Liechtenstein and his family.

The Sâr Péladan has been enjoying himself hugely in Bucharest. He strolled about the town arrayed in silks of rainbow hues. His favourite attire was a light silk caftan lined with white satin and trimmed with chinchilla. His raiment excited the envy of merchants from Armenia and Turks from Damascus.



BLACKTHORN BLOSSOM.

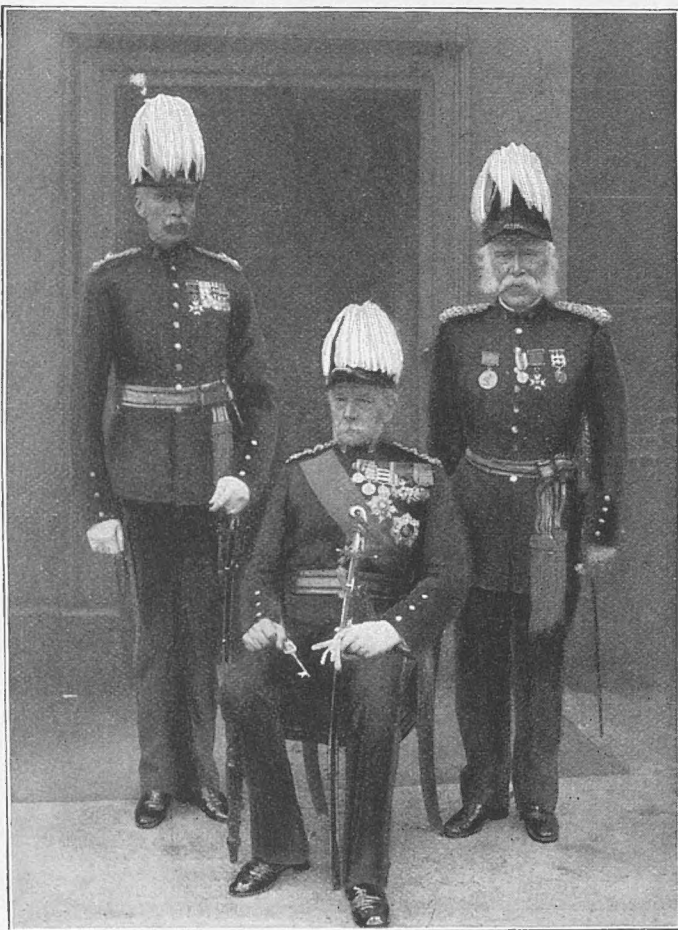
Photo by R. W. K. Godwin, Bristol.

When Sir Edward Grey was speaking in the China debate last week, Liberal Members nodded their heads and glanced at each other significantly. "This man will do," they seemed to say. Sir Edward's face would be looked at in any company. There is something about it which reminds one of the portrait of Hamlet in the well-known picture in the National Gallery. Dark hair lies forward on the white, intense features; the eye is piercing and the nose prominent. His aspect indicates strong intelligence, and, on the too rare occasions when he takes part in debate, he speaks with such terseness, insight, and breadth of view as indicate a mind of the highest calibre. It is evident that this man may go far—but will he? He is already in the front rank of authorities on foreign affairs, and Members have been expecting for several years to see him taking a great part in general politics. So far, he has not responded to their wishes. Is he waiting till his friend and chief, Lord Rosebery, returns to political life? Does he lack the will to push himself forward? Or is he devoid of ambition? It may be that he cares more for the life of a country gentleman than for politics, and would rather be distinguished in tennis than in debate.

There is a marked contrast between Sir Edward Grey and his successor, Mr. Curzon. It has been said that Mr. Curzon matures slowly. Sir Edward Grey, on the other hand, matured early. He was a sage at thirty, a fit companion for grave senators. I should like to see him for once in a passion—a Parliamentary passion. There must be fire beneath that strong, restrained temperament. If he would only let himself go he might master the House of Commons. Mr. Curzon is always letting himself go, and the House likes his flashing style and splendid spirits. By contrast, Sir Edward Grey, a baronet to the fingertips, gives the impression of immense reserve power. Some observers think he ought now to bring forth his reserves. There is a time to be prudent and a time to venture all that one is worth. Prudence has been always the characteristic of Sir Edward Grey. His admirers would like to see him now playing a bolder rôle.

The formation of the new battalions of the Royal Fusiliers and Royal Warwicks has commenced. The Fusilier battalion will be embodied at Aldershot, and its staff has already taken over quarters there. The Warwicks are at first to be attached to the 2nd Battalion of the regiment at Chatham; but it is expected that when the new Coldstream battalion leaves Gravesend for London the 3rd Warwick will take over the quarters vacated.

"Tower warders under orders, gallant pikemen, valiant swordsmen"—they formed a picturesque crowd the other day when they were drawn up in the quadrangle of the Tower to hear the reading of the Royal Patent



Major-General Clerk. General Sir F. Stephenson. Lieut.-General Milman.

OFFICIALS OF THE TOWER OF LONDON.

Photo by Bull, Regent Street, W.

appointing General Sir Frederick C. A. Stephenson, G.C.B., Constable of the Tower. The scroll and the golden keys of the Tower gates were formally presented by the Earl of Pembroke, as Lord Steward, to the

new Constable, who was received by Major-General Godfrey Clerk, the Lieutenant, and Lieut.-General Milman, the Resident Governor of the Tower.

Miss Alice Rollins Crane, of Los Angeles, is pretty, though you might not think it. She means to invade Klondyke, and doubtless the



THIS LADY IS ON HER WAY TO KLONDYKE.

touch of femininity will have a salutary effect on the lawlessness of the mere man in that region.

Colonel Money, of the Cameron Highlanders, in a letter to a friend gives a vivid account of the forced march of the British brigade in the Soudan. Though marching by night, the brigade did the ninety-six miles in four marches of twenty-four miles each. Sleep, however, was out of the question during the day owing to the flies. The soldiers suffered terribly from the bites of some poisonous fly near the river, and the Colonel says: "The bite raises great blisters, and my hands and legs are an awful sight, also my face. In fact, I do not think you would know me." It speaks well for the salubrity of the Soudan that, in spite of these hardships, the Colonel continues, "I am as brown as a native, but I am awfully well." The men were so tired that they dropped asleep while marching and often fell down. Yet they made a record march. The bare-legged Camerons and Seafortths must, of course, have suffered more than the trewed regiments from the bites of the pest. Colonel Money himself, being mounted, had discarded the kilt. The brigade enjoyed a dip in the Nile at the end of their journey, for they had not undressed for a whole week.

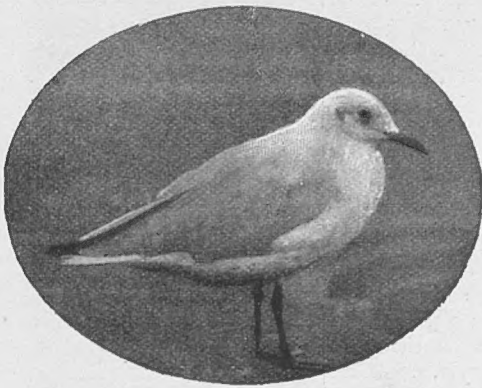
General C. Crutchley, Colonel of the Royal Welsh Fusiliers, who died the other day in his eighty-eighth year, had a record of service perhaps unique. He joined the regiment in 1826, during the reign of George IV., having been born in the reign of the third George, and was on parade when the Prince Consort presented new colours to the regiment in 1849. He served with the regiment some twenty-eight years, and when the Crimean War broke out was unable, through ill-health, to go to the front. Yet he lived for forty-four years afterwards. He commanded the regiment for five years, was Major-General at Gibraltar for five years, and held various other appointments. Though his name appeared in the Army List for seventy-two years and he served some seventeen years abroad in all parts of the world, he never saw a shot fired except perhaps at a sham fight. This is the more remarkable considering the services of the distinguished regiment he belonged to.

On the other hand, Surgeon-General S. Currie—who has also gone over to the majority—though he joined the Army ten years later, seems to have been invariably at the front. He was with the 16th Lancers at Maharajpore in 1843, took part in the Sutlej Campaign in 1846, being present at Aliwal and Sohraon, and in 1860 was at the taking of the Taku Forts and the entry into Peking. Then in 1867 he went through the Abyssinian Campaign, and marched into Magdala. He was a C.B., an Honorary Physician to the Queen, and in receipt of a special pension for distinguished services.

The International Congress of Hygiene is being held this week at Madrid, and many of the celebrated medical authorities of Europe are present. Last year this Congress was held at Moscow, and German savants flocked there in great numbers, the army and navy alone sending sixty-two of their doctors.

The Black-headed Gull (*Larus ridibundus*) belies its name in winter by losing at that season the black or dark-brown hood which distinguishes the adult birds in the summer. One of the commonest of our British gulls, it is found all over Europe, and is equally at home on the Nile and in Japan as on the Swiss lakes and the Thames. It is a very beautiful bird in its summer dress, with its sombre hood, slate-blue back and wings, and snowy breast set off by red legs and beak. This gull differs from its congeners in its choice of breeding-ground, seeking in spring the marshy shore of some inland lake or tarn, where a colony, often numbering

A spirited attempt to deprive the rabbit of his social status as a game animal, and reduce him to the rank of vermin, has been exciting a good deal of attention among shooting-men and farmers. It seems that some little time ago the Inland Revenue officials requested a Scottish farmer, who had been shooting rabbits, to take out the usual gun licence, an invitation which the farmer politely declined, on the ground that he used his gun to shoot rabbits only, that he shot the rabbits because they injured his crops, and that because they injured his crops they were vermin, to destroy which no gun licence was required. The tax-collectors



BLACK-HEADED GULL.

Photo by Medland, Finchley, N.



ROY.



BLACK-BELLIED SAND-GROUSE.

Photo by Medland, Finchley, N.

thousands of pairs, build their nests on the low ground and rear their young. A famous "gullery" was that on Scoulton Mere in Norfolk, but for some years past the number of birds has been decreasing steadily. Its staple diet consists of small fish, but it may often be seen in the society of rooks and other birds following the plough to pick up the worms, insects, and larvæ in the freshly turned furrow.

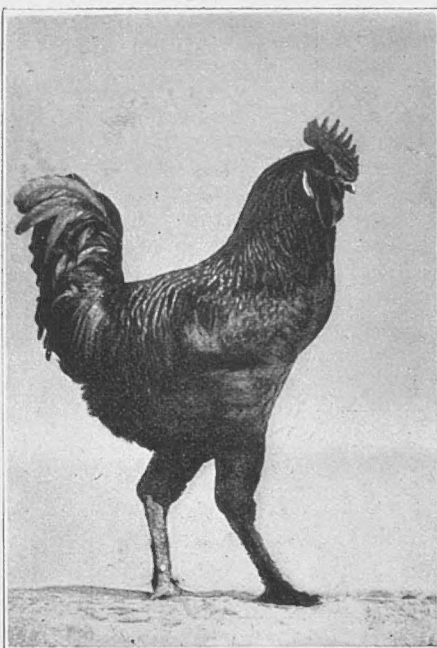
The Black-bellied Sand-grouse, examples of which are to be seen in the Gardens at Regent's Park, is widely distributed, being found in Northern Africa, Southern Europe, Spain more especially, in Persia, Afghanistan, and Northern India. It is a grouse in name only, having nothing in common with the bird of the moors. It makes its home in sandy wastes, and its flesh, which is very white, is so tasteless that the natives of India affirm that it eats sand. It is a handsome bird in its uniform of yellow and black; the colour of its back resembles the sand on which it is generally found, and the bird seems conscious of this, for, when alarmed, it crouches like a pheasant, and will not take wing till the enemy is almost upon it. Mr. Tristram mentions a very curious habit of this sand-grouse. It lays its three eggs in a depression in the ground, and, instead of sitting on them like other birds, lies on one side and spreads out its wing to cover the eggs. It is of a more sociable disposition than most birds, as several will nest together within a few yards of each other.

Much more familiar are the lanky Langshans at the bottom of the page. The cock belongs to Messrs. Piercy, of Lowthorpe, East Yorks. The hen to the right took the first prize at the Agricultural Hall last October. She was bred and shown by Mr. Harry Wallis, Brentwood. The other is the property of Mr. G. Fielder, Wimbledon.

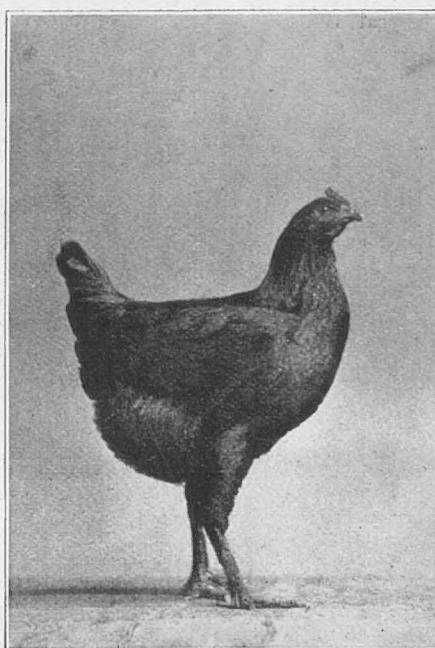
have souls above argument, and brought that farmer before the Sheriff at Cupar, who ruled that rabbits were not vermin, and that the farmer was in the wrong.

The farmer, firm in his opinion of the rabbit's standing, appealed, and Lord Stormonth-Darling, sacrificing his own views on the altar of precedent so sacred to the legal mind, upheld the farmer, holding him exempt from liability to take out the gun licence. The Inland Revenue authorities, stung to recklessness by the prospective loss of half-a-sovereign, carried the case to the Court of Appeal, where it was solemnly heard all over again by the Lord President and three other judges. Their united wisdom detected the weak spot in the legal mail of the farmer: he had eaten the rabbits; vermin are uneatable; therefore rabbits are not vermin, and who shoots rabbits must pay gun licence. I wonder how much it has cost the country—and the farmer—to reach this decision.

Thanks largely to the Muzzling Order, the Dogs' Home had a busy time last year, no fewer than 28,937 lost and starving dogs having been received, or more than three dogs per hour, day and night, throughout the twelve months. Of all this vast army of canine vagrants only 2196 were claimed, while 2083 were provided with new owners, leaving over four-and-twenty thousand dogs to the lethal chamber. What the Committee of the Home would have done without their new suburban branch at Hackbridge is a question which only the lethal chamber could have answered; it will be remembered that, a couple of years ago, in deference to the wish expressed by the Queen, the period of respite granted unclaimed dogs was extended from three days to five—a concession which sorely taxed the accommodation and purse of the Home.

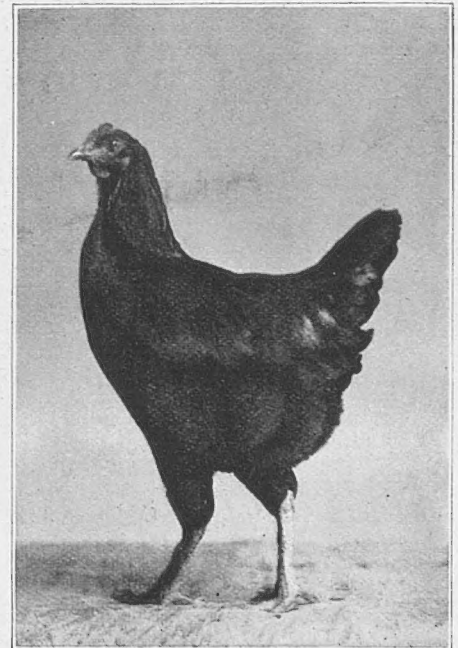


LANGSHAN COCK.



LANGSHAN HEN.

Photographs by Russell, Baker Street, W.



LANGSHAN HEN.

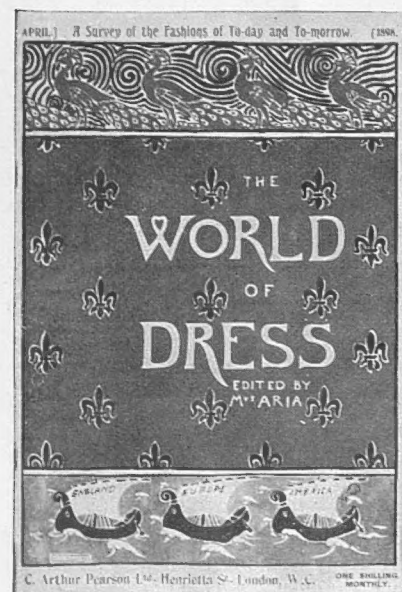
Long before Egypt represented the winter Paradiso of our moneyed classes, it was known to few-and-far-between travellers as remarkable for three things—tombs, carnivorous flies, and sore-backed beasts of burden. If the influx of chiffons to North Africa had done no other work besides that of ameliorating the hard lot of its horses and donkeys, such civilisation as they have induced thereby might serve to canonise them for all time, however. The horrid spectacles, impossible to describe, which greeted the eyes of globe-trotting first-comers in Egypt or Algeria need not be particularised here. Of late, through strenuous efforts on the part of humane "winter people," a light has come to the native mind anent the feelings of his one-time lacerated animal, and to aid this enlightening process the idea of giving prizes for the best-kept hack or donkey, which originated with an English lady, has greatly stimulated the exotic growth of native humanity.

At Helouan some few days since the writer assisted at a thrice-welcome ceremonial when, on behalf of the S.P.C.A., Miss Baring gave prizes to several of the Aribeyah, or hack-carriage drivers and donkey-boys, whose animals gave signs of being best cared for. A number of distinguished visitors from Cairo were present to give due importance to a long-needed innovation, Colonel Parsons Pasha, Hon. Arthur Stanley, Hon. Mrs. Curzon, Mr. Tristram Ellis, Rear-Admiral and Mrs. Blomfield, among the rest. It is greatly hoped that the movement will thus be helped to popularity. Who knows, indeed, but that even dirt and the universal sore eyes may be improved away in time under the influence of soap-loving *Jean Bull et sa femme*?

Sir William Bonaparte Wyse has left behind him a collection of poems in the Provençal tongue, which will shortly be published. This American kinsman of the first Napoleon was a great linguist, and Mistral said of him, in his "Papillons Bleus," "Since the days of King Richard Cœur de Lion, never has a stranger sung so sweetly in our tongue."

The latest woman's paper, the *World of Dress*, is a shilling monthly, edited by Mrs. Aria for Messrs. Pearson. It has a very picturesque cover, in green and brown, and the fashion-plates are good.

Holy Week in Rome, always an occasion of reassemblings and ceremonial, has had the additional interest of the Papal mediation between Brother Jonathan and Cousin Juanita to add to its eventful days this year. People poured into the Eternal City both last week and this as they surely never poured before, while from the Grand Hotel to the smallest cabaret every room was filled. At the former resort of rank



COVER OF THE NEW FASHION PAPER.
Designed by C. Ffoulkes.

and fashion every evening saw the restaurant as full of well-known diners as the churches had been in the daytime. Madame Ferdinand Bischoffsheim, Lady Randolph Churchill, Mrs. Kingsland, the beautiful Marquise d'Hautpool, Count and Countess Kinsky from Vienna, the Crown Prince of Sweden and suite, General Wheaton, Mr. Vanderbilt, Count and Countess Joseph Polocki, and so on *ad infinitum*. Never has Rome been more truly cosmopolitan. One of the most notable dinners given for years was that of Comte Cahen d'Anvers, which took place immediately before Holy Week at the Grand. All the fine flower of Italian society was present, but what constituted its piquancy was that both the Blacks and the Whites were numerously represented, meeting on the neutral ground of the wealthy French nobleman's table as they never could have done elsewhere.

Everybody living in town must notice the difference between this spring season and the last. Just a year ago people were speculating upon the Jubilee; all the town was considering how it could best celebrate the great occasion, and also how it might best turn it to profitable account. The charming combination of the patriotic and business sense was very striking. I do not for one moment think that the people who gained money were always more patriotic, or that those who lost were often less; but one and all strove to turn the great occasion to account. At this season of last year, before the route was decided, great efforts were made to buy up likely spots at a moderate price, and many amusing incidents occur to me as I write. One friend of mine, blessed with leisure and affluence, together with a desire to increase the latter and leave the former undisturbed, tried very hard to do a deal with his tailor, who has splendid premises. Mr. Snip had another applicant for the place, and was able to raise first the one and then the other, until his premises were sold for the day at a price representing nearly three years' rent and taxes. My friend was the purchaser, and when the agreement was signed, sealed, and delivered, as they say in the legal classics, he found that the other mysterious bidder was his own father-in-law.

One of the latest acquisitions to the concert-room is Miss Beatrice Spencer, who made a most successful début on March 21 at the usual Monday Popular Concert in St. James's Hall. One could hardly imagine a severer ordeal for a young singer than to face the critical audience which always assembles at the "Pops," and the unqualified appreciation which Miss Spencer gained on this occasion must have encouraged her greatly. She is the daughter of an esteemed official of the London County Council, and is only twenty years old. Her teachers have been Madame Bessie Cox and Madame Blanche Marchesi—than whom one could hardly select better instructors in the art of singing. Miss Spencer's voice is a high, light soprano, of very pleasing timbre. She has now to acquire the confidence which experience alone can give, and then one may safely prophesy that she will take a high place in popular favour. She starts with a beautiful voice and a good style, and these are bound to win success.

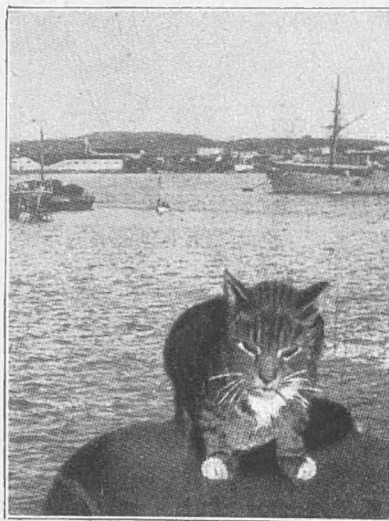


MISS BEATRICE SPENCER.
Photo by Mendelssohn, Pembroke Crescent, W.

The provincial tour of Mrs. Brown-Potter and Mr. Kyrle Bellew, as the bright particular "stars" of Mr. Abud's Répertoire Company, made a successful start at Glasgow, considerable interest in the visit being shown by the American colony in the town. On their way through Newcastle, whither they returned to play the next week—Mrs. Potter and Mr. Bellew were bidden to a lunch given at the Station Hotel in their honour by the resident American Consul. The general verdict of provincial playgoers on Mrs. Potter's somewhat mannered art time alone can show, as the tour progresses, but to have won the approval of critical Glasgow bodes well for further success. Mr. Bellew is, of course, well remembered by provincial audiences, and his remarkably lurid presentment of Marat in "Charlotte Corday," one of the features of the repertoire, cannot fail to add to his reputation.

The oldest of the Gipsy chiefs has just died in Hungary. On sorting his belongings, a basket was found full of watches and a box filled with gold rings, relics of the days of long ago when he had been a handsome young dog and the pet of society.

At a recent meeting of the Banffshire Field Club somebody exhibited an old window-pane from a lately demolished house in Banff, with an inscription beginning "Woman, lovely woman! Nature made you to temper man," &c. This was generally believed to have been inscribed by Byron with a diamond point, but Dr. Cramond, of Cullen, conclusively proved, from the character of the letters, that it must have been the work of a more recent time.



TOM, ONE OF THE SURVIVORS OF
THE "MAINE."

Disastrous as was the loss of the *Elbe*, it was of infinitely less importance than the blowing up of the *Maine*, which is made the explosive point of the Spanish-American crisis. The cat Tom, which swam ashore after the wreck, has been immortalised in all the American illustrated papers, and will go down to posterity as one of the most famous of felines.

Meantime the American newspapers have seen nothing save war, war, and ever war. Whether Uncle Sam was really ready when *Leslie's Weekly* pictured him, I do not know; but the *New York World* was well aware of the horrors of war when its artist pictured the conflict

A souvenir of the *Elbe* disaster was picked up a short time ago by some French fishermen. This was a bottle containing a visiting-card with the address—

BERNARD RAMSPERGE,
Traveller for the house of C. Gomer,
Stocking-makers,
Weingarten,

on one side, and on the other the following words in German, which had become almost illegible from sea-water having got into the bottle—

Ah, my dear fiancée Mina, I shall never see you again until we meet in the next world. I pray that whoever finds this card will send it to Mina Frankel, Buchau, Federsee, Württemberg.

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I am pleased to see that people are agitating for an increased service of night trains to the districts lying round London. The capital is spreading so widely in every direction that the demands of the people are scarcely met by the present arrangements of railway companies. The Sunday service is particularly bad. On many lines



MISS ESMÉ BERINGER IN "THE WHITE KNIGHT."

Photo by Ellis, Upper Baker Street, N.W.

the trains to the suburbs do not travel after half-past ten. I purposely refrain from using the term "run," as the suburban train of Sundays preserves a sober walk, whether for purposes of economy or devotion I have never been able to make out. The general inadequacy of the Sunday train service is demonstrated by the rush to fill the last trains, a rush that brings babies, costers, and people more or less sober into first-class carriages, despite the accident of third-class tickets. To say that the Sunday train stops at every station does not completely state the case; not infrequently it stops between them, as though in protest against all forms of Sunday travelling. It is no exaggeration to say that the journey to Brighton or Margate takes very little more time than the journey to Bromley or Croydon, and is far more pleasant.

The opera season suffers particularly from the bad suburban services, coupled with the cessation of 'buses, trams, and trains after midnight. People living in the suburbs complain that they cannot patronise the opera unless they are content to lose the last act or travel home by cab, a very expensive alternative, because cabby knows that he will get no return fare at the journey's end and charges accordingly. Add the cost of travel to the cost of the opera ticket, and it becomes well-nigh impossible for the man with a moderate income to indulge his love for music. It would be a fine stroke of policy for Mr. Arthur Collins or Colonel Mapleson to endeavour to influence the railway companies to try the experiment of an adequate railway service during their coming opera seasons. All playgoers would benefit by the change, and really London managers can scarcely afford to let the railway companies add to the attractions of the suburban theatre.

The *Daily Express* of Dublin has been purchased and will soon show signs of change. Mr. Dalziel, it is said, is prepared to invest a considerable sum, and the Hon. Horace Plunkett is interested in the new enterprise. The editorship is assigned to Mr. T. P. Gill, sometime Member of Parliament, assistant-editor of the *Speaker*, and more recently occupied with the agricultural co-operative movement and its organ the *Homestead*. The *Express* will devote more of its energies than hitherto to social, industrial, financial, and literary subjects, and may thus stimulate its rivals, which, as regards literature, much need a revival.

The printer's devil of the *Glasgow Herald* (if in Glasgow they permit any such profane functionary) has been more devilish than ever during the latter days of March. On the 28th his Klondyke news seemed to point to a terrible trade catastrophe, when we read in a prominent head-line "State Export (sic) Frozen to Death." The export, however, turned out to be

only a poor expert, and we recovered a lively hope for gold. After this the P. D. seemed to wax merry, nay, even bibulous, for the morning of the 29th found him discoursing thickly of Sir Elisha Ashmead-Bartlett, and next day he was either Semitic or had a cold in his head, for he prated of "South Kensington." Not content with this, he murdered the sacred name of De Reszke—"Resyke" he called it—and from this lapsed into a quaint archaic style, wherein he informed us that Miss Florence St. John is "pronouncen" out of danger. Such Glaswegian typographical clowning will shortly rob even "doun the watter" Sabbath-breaking of the humours we so delight in.

I see that New York women have taken up Japanese dress, notably the *kimono*. A "smart" dinner, as the lady journalist would say, was recently given in New York, where all the women appeared in the *kimono*, and the fashion-writer in the *New York World* goes into ecstasies over the charming appearance of these pretty gowns.

Good-bye to the time when the maid of our clime
Went over to France for the fashion,
And copied each craze (as the men did the plays—
Though wat'ring Parisian passion).
But now she is fanned in Chrysanthemum Land,
By taking its fashions on loan, O!
And, changing her taste for the waist that is laced,
My lady adopts the *kimono*.

At first the Savoy gave her joy in the toy
When she ventured to see "The Mikado,"
And straight did succumb to the charm of Yum-Yum—
Though to copy her seemed like bravado.
But, losing all fears with the flight of the years,
She does up her hair in a cone, O!
And now she can't stop, for she thinks she must flop
In the folds of a flowing *kimono*.

And if she'd begin to exhibit the pin
Which bonnets the sensible Jappy,
Instead of that vat of a *matinée-hat*,
I think I'd be perfectly happy.
For this aping Japan is a plan which a man
Must regard as *pro publico bono*,
So I welcome the aid of the Japanese maid
In bringing the dragoned *kimono*.

For the only drawbacks to this beautiful sack's
Replacing the corset and kirtle,
Is not in its hues, for our maidens can use
The shade of the delicate myrtle;
But our tongue makes it hard for the bard to discard
A rhyme which is compound in tone, O!
And thus it's a task for a jingler to ask
The Muses to rhyme to *kimono*.



MRS. FRYER, FIRST-PRIZE WINNER AT COVENT GARDEN BALL.

Photo by Ellis, Upper Baker Street, N.W.

The Rev. G. E. Stodart, Vicar of Laleham, sends me the accompanying reproduction of a memorial tablet to Dr. Arnold, which has just been put up in Laleham Church. Dr. Arnold, it will be remembered, lived for many years at Laleham, although he is buried—as every reader of his son's poems knows full well—in Rugby Chapel. Matthew Arnold, however, is buried in the churchyard at Laleham.



A MEMORIAL TABLET TO DR. ARNOLD.

A project is on foot to honour the memory of William Julius Mickle by the erection of a mural tablet in the Town Hall of Langholm, where he was born in 1734. Mickle was employed for some time as a press corrector at the Clarendon Press, Oxford, and for his translation of the "Lusiad" of Camoens, a work which occupied him some years, the Press granted him a thousand pounds. Near the University city he died and was buried. Mickle is more widely known as the reputed author of the old Scotch song, "There's Nae Luck about the Hoose," than as a distinguished scholar. His claims have been questioned by some, notably Sarah Tytler, who attributed "There's Nae Luck" to Jean Adam. The song is not included in the published works of either, and a consensus of opinion favours the claims of Mickle, from whose hand, at all events, came the pathetic ballad, "Cumnor Hall," which suggested to Sir Walter Scott the groundwork of "Kenilworth"—in fact, the great novelist had originally intended naming his charming romance "Cumnor Hall."

If anyone, a correspondent writes me, doubts the legend, which Mr. Morrison Davidson has done his utmost to establish on a historical basis, that Mr. Cunninghame Graham is connected by descent with the royal Stuarts—Robert IV. of Scotland is the designation Mr. Morrison Davidson gives him—let him carefully examine Mr. John Lavery's portrait of the quondam Laird of Gartmore as reproduced in *The Sketch* the other week, and the striking likeness to the paintings of some members of that hapless house, the aristocratic pose and the regal air of the figure, will carry conviction as to Mr. Graham's kingly descent.

The joys of life in Paris are tempered by the house Cerberus, the concierge, but the tempering must suit the Parisians, or else what signifies the late experience of M. Edouard Blane? M. Blane is the scientific explorer, known especially for his observations on polar currents. Having a difference with his proprietor, this latter, to annoy him, pretending that M. Blane, having a lease, his belongings guaranteed payment, instructed the concierge to let everything, documents, natural specimens, even animals, arriving constantly from the four corners of the earth, go into the explorer's apartment, and nothing come out.

It took the intervention of the Russian Embassy for the Russian Government to enter into possession of plans lent M. Blane in view of a scientific work, but this is a mere international complication, and it is in personal matters that the beauty of the system best shows up. Thus M. Blane left his apartment early one day for an appointment at the Colonial Minister's, and, wishing not to return, instructed his valet to carry his evening-dress to the rooms of the Geographical Society, where he was to lecture at night. Veto of the concierge, who stops the valise at the door. "But it is my evening-dress, and I shall need it to-night." "Put it on, then," answers the concierge; "you carry no values out," and M. Blane has the choice of wearing an evening-dress all day or of giving his lecture in redingote. Another time, to the delight of the street, he was obliged to leave his house in Tartar uniform and Mongolian boots, that Gerome had asked to borrow of him for a statue of Tamerlane.

It takes a world well broken-in to functionarism to stand being tempered in this way. And to think that their neighbours across Rhine call the French indocile! They are perfect lambs. M. Blane pays his rent regularly and lives principally under a tent in the desert, where, at least, there is no concierge, and, when he comes for a few rare days to Paris, camps in a chance empty lodging and does not wake the Cerberus of his luxurious home. He knows it is not worth while, for the matter has been before the Courts, and it is the proprietor and the concierge that have gained the cause.

The Society of French Water-Colour Painters, which recently opened its twentieth exhibition in the Champs Elysées Gallery, adds to its exhibits of this year some pictures by deceased members, such as Henri Baron, Gustave Doré, Eugène Isabey, A. de Neuville, Meissonier, Jules Jacquemart, and Eugène Lami. Those by Meissonier and Baron show a heaviness of style in water-colour compared to the lightness of touch and exquisite freshness of Eugène Lami's "L'Escale de l'Opéra" and Isabey's "Petites Châtelaines." Some of Jacquemart's sketches on the

Riviera deserve special praise. His "Mentone Road" and two views on the Cornice are most expressive and breathe meridional light and colour. There is also a bit of the Port of Marseilles, which is a little masterpiece and thoroughly characteristic.

Among this year's exhibits are pictures by Paul Lecomte, Pierre Vignal, Victor Binet, Jeanniot, Clairin, and Zuber. M. Lecomte gives us a dexterous sketch of the streets of Beaugency. He evidently understands the value of vivid colour against a background of sober grey-white houses, and the only reproach one can make is that his pictures resemble each other too much. M. Jeanniot's "Bois de Boulogne" is charming, and M. Binet sends a simple but effective picture of "La Cour Corot à Luzaney."

The rare and valuable collection of paintings belonging to the late M. Marmontel, the well-known French pianist, was sold the other day at the auction-rooms of the Hotel Drouot in Paris. Besides works by Rembrandt, Vandyck, and Guardi, there were exquisite examples of the eighteenth-century masters, such as Greuze, Latour, Chardin, Fragonard, Huet, and Boucher, and canvases by Corot, Decamp, Delacroix, Couture, Théodore Rousseau, Millet, and Meissonier. Besides these larger pictures were numerous water-colours, sepias, and rough sketches by ancient and modern masters.

The twenty-fifth number of the *Moniteur des Expositions, organe de l'Exposition de 1900*, has just appeared. It contains many articles on the various exhibitors and exhibits, numerous official documents, and is illustrated by twenty engravings by Laffargue, Max de Nansouty, A. de Cunha, &c. The visit of the Prince of Wales to Paris in connection with the Exhibition is minutely described, and is illustrated by numerous photographs.

In North Africa, as in the land of Figaro, the barber is considered the pleasantest gossip in each town and the liveliest fund of information. He always has the latest news about the Palace and the harems. He generally ekes out his income by amateur blood-letting, and, as Arabs believe in being bled for almost every ailment, however trifling, he contrives to make a good thing out of this branch of his profession. The Arabs generally grow their beards long, but have their heads shaved. As, however, they always wear *chechias* (a kind of fez) or turbans, the stranger would know nothing of this artificial baldness, if he did not



AN ARAB BARBER.

Photo by Mrs. Herbert Vivian.

chance to notice the operation of shaving, which goes on at nearly every street-corner. The Arabs have a proverb that "Novices shave only the heads of orphans," but even the novices soon acquire great dexterity in handling the razor, and the process of having the head shaved is looked upon as a treat. It is certainly very pleasant to go without hair in the hot weather, and the turban suffices to keep off the flies.

Among our most popular contralto vocalists must be named Miss Helen Pettican, who is welcomed wherever and whenever she sings. She is a native of Essex, and studied for four years under Mr. Edwin Holland at the Royal Academy of Music. She was successful in winning silver and bronze medals for her excellent singing. Miss Pettican made her début in 1892 at a concert in the Royal Albert Hall, when she was recognised at once as a valuable acquisition to the world of music. Since that eventful evening she has justified the high opinion formed of her ability

be those of the ordinary West-End theatre, and many fine singers have been engaged. We are to have Italian opera in Italian; there will be none of the confusion resulting from people singing their parts in different languages. Excellent conductors have been engaged, and I should not be surprised if the undertaking proved most successful, for there is a very large audience to which the season prices at Covent Garden are prohibitive, and there are thousands of people who delight to describe themselves as members "of the old school," who worship Verdi,



MISS HELEN PETTICAN.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY FRANK DICKINS, SLOANE STREET, S.W.

by her admirable singing in oratorios like "The Messiah," "The Golden Legend," and "Elijah." Miss Pettican is also highly popular as an interpreter of ballads, and to hear her render "The Hum of the Bee" (one of the favourite songs in her large repertoire) is to enjoy a most refined pleasure. She is never tired of adding new works to her long list of achievements, and her thorough training enables her to do justice to all that she learns.

Colonel Mapleson tells me that he will reopen the Olympic Theatre for a season of Italian opera early in May. The theatre has been re-decorated and re-arranged for the new management; the prices will

Bellini, Gounod, and Co., and will not have Wagner at any price. For these people Colonel Mapleson intends to cater, and, if pluck, hard work, and unique experience count for anything, the veteran impresario should score. To be sure, the Olympic is very near Temple Bar, but Covent Garden is not far off, and people crowd to the Globe to see John Hare, so that the question of *locale* is not of supreme importance. One thing is certain: granting London can support two opera-houses—and there is little reason to doubt it—the competition will benefit opera-goers. Monopoly is always bad, for it removes from people the temptation to do their best. I hope in the course of a few days to have full details about the season at the Olympic.

A NOVEL IN A NUTSHELL.

THE MOTHER.

BY CECIL CLARE.

When he rushed in to beat the child, I lied to him, saying the little one had gone out with his nurse, though I felt the small hands clutching at my feet from where I had hidden him behind my dress. I cared little what he did to me, but when he touched my child I could have killed him. He might have known I was hiding something from him, I answered so gently; but he did not, and went away. I seldom speak pleasantly to him now; why should I when I hate him? Oh, I hate him! I loathe his very mannerisms, his heavy step upon the stairs, the habitual frown he has when sitting at his meals, the click-click of his toothpick when he has finished, his personality, which seems to fill the house the moment he comes into it. I loathe all. And yet, look here! and here! These are letters I keep to laugh over, just these two.

This one written upon the eve of our wedding—

MY LITTLE LOVE,—Even to-day, the last that separates us, must I write to tell you of my love and longing for the morning that will make you mine, as I am for ever yours.

And this! a whole month after our marriage—

MY DARLING WIFE,—When will this separation end? The week has seemed an endless one to me. I long to hold you in my arms, never to part again.

Never to part again till death comes to one of us; now we have grown weary of one another. "Never to part again." The little time granted us upon earth marked from the altar to the grave with every year a new stone bearing the one record, "Thus far have you gone upon your way," engraved on all—the dreary monotony of days alike. I could write almost word for word and act for act my life from now until the end: Every day the same face before me, the same grumble at every dish, the same hurry to catch the train to town, the same slam of the door at parting, the rattle of the latch-key at return, the crash of the closing door, the sullen face again—and then sleep. Thus every day for ever.

Which of us is the more weary of the other? And whose fault is it that this is so? He says it is mine, and I retort that it is his. What matter now whose was the failing if only the evil could be remedied? I know he hates my face, that is growing old, my uninteresting efforts at conversation, my want of dash. He has said so often enough, reproaching me because I was not like Mrs. Lewis, or Mrs. Hunter, or anyone but myself. I might be upon their thousands a-year, who knows? One can only afford to be commonplace upon a couple of hundreds.

For him new faces meet him in his man's work—if one can call it work to follow out a trade one's heart loves—but for me nothing save the drudgery of tending on him, laying his clothes in order, marketing for his appetite, doing the endless little domestic cares that leave no mark upon the world's scroll of fame and get no recognition at home. I too have had my ambitions and my dreams; but when a woman marries she must give up self; yet I would regret nothing if once he would take me into his arms and say, "I understand; for me you have left your dreams, the name you thought to make in the world, preferring a dearer name in one man's heart. The long hours that your art demanded from you, you have spent doing the monotonous duties of my household, but I appreciate and understand." Or if he would not speak at all, but hold me to him, knowing my heart and comforting it without words. But why dream of impossibilities when, after a day of labour, he tells me I do nothing, that women but sit at home and amuse themselves while men toil to support them? What amusement is it to me to plan meals each day without the hope of an approving word? To turn and re-turn old gowns, or oversee servants. My friends I left far away when I came to him, and with his I have little in sympathy; yet I am glad to see them come to our house, since for a time, at least, they dispel the gloom of our domestic life; for a time the skeleton is put into its cupboard, our small cellar is robbed of its best wine, our wits are called upon to produce our most brilliant conversation. We smile, we are merry—then the guests depart; the skeleton stalks forth, the door slams. The sullen face is here again, and the peevish voice points out this fault and that, with never a word of praise. I retort. The voice grows in passion. I feel a child's hand slipped into mine beneath the table in a mute appeal for my silence, and at the touch I am speechless. And then comes sleep. O blessed, blessed sleep! And this has been our life for six years.

God forgive me! I have forgotten my child in this railing against Fate. My darling, at once my dearest happiness and my keenest pain. What ambition did I ever have for any art compared with the longing to see the first intelligence and love wake in my baby's eyes? What name upon the world's lips for me so sweet as "Mother" when first spoken by my child. And yet my pain it is to see him grow up in fear of his father, to watch his frightened eyes go from face to face at meals; now pleading my silence, and again drooping before his father's gaze, or to see him hiding in his terror of a blow as he does now.

Come forth, my darling; you are safe, your father will not return till night; come, I will put you to bed and lie beside you. What woman had ever so beautiful a child as this? See the limbs, like a little Cupid's, and the hair so curly that, when I draw it straight through my fingers, it springs back into a hundred ringlets. Come, little feet, till I unbutton

each shoe, for your little master is my king, and I but his willing slave; now the dress goes off and the little white gown goes on. Now we kneel together and pray, and then to sleep. A beautiful fairy stands upon our pillow and waves her magic wand, so that our eyes will not stay open. She will tell sweet dreams to my king, for I see she whispers to him already; his eyes open once, and then shut in deep, happy slumber.

Who in the night has not woken with an exceedingly bitter cry for something that they have not got; but who has cried as I have, breaking the silence? O little child of hate, sleeping beside me, why have I borne you? Why have I cursed you with the heritage that must be yours? Little bond of love that keeps together two hearts that else would spring asunder, you must pay in sorrow for our sins! From hatred have you sprung, and in the home of hatred have you been reared; harsh tongues have clashed their discords around you, and hard glances fenced above your head; we have fought over you as wolves quarrel over a bone. What can save you from coming unhappiness? What disposition can you bring into the future from this home that is killing your child soul? What do you inherit from us to enable you to find joy? Your father's evil passions, his love of wine, and my evil fruits in you?

A man and his wife must be all to one another or nothing—there is no middle course. Yet, if I thought he loved me, I could bear so much from him. If he would put his arms around me to-night, I could forget all my hate, all the dreary years past, all the harsh words, even the cruel grip of his hands. Oh, a woman's home is her castle if she holds her husband's heart, and he stand by her; let the world storm her gates with jeers and insults, she is safe and happy. But if her husband turn against her and shut her from his heart, though all the world protect her, she is alone indeed; though all the world offer her shelter, she is without a home. So my nights pass with such thoughts. Sometimes I sleep and dream, and my dreams are terrible. I always dream that I am dead and watching my child from another state. I see him thrust aside by his stronger brethren, as the weak are always crushed; I see him sinking lower, his timid soul trampled out of his body by the strong, brutal wills of the base lot he has fallen among; so I cannot rest in Heaven following his troubled path. Sometimes it is my keenest torture to watch his degraded life without the power to help. I see the little figure I loved to look upon grow bowed and gaunt with years and misery. The pretty, soft hands grow old and stretch for evil things. The pink feet I kissed so fondly wander in the ways of sin, the frank eyes grow clouded and shifty. The innocent soul I tried to keep pure becomes a thing forbidden in God's sight. His children grow and bear the curse that was sown with his mother's unhappy union. Then I wake in tears.

And yet, though these things be dreams, I feel that they will come to pass. To-day, when I coughed, blood came into my mouth, and this means death, I know. What is there for the boy when I am gone? Perhaps some other woman will be given my place. What love will she have for my child? My child, who has been fed upon all the love of one woman's heart at least. Will she have sympathy enough to understand and train his difficult nature? There is one way that I can save him, one way that I can be sure of his happiness, but it is so terrible that I cannot meet it. Oh, I am full of selfishness, for to me only can it bring pain, and to him it means eternal joy. To him it means the Kingdom of Heaven—to me it means Hell, to be lost, tortured, damned, forbidden to God's sight for ever and ever and ever. I have prayed for some other solution to this question of the happiness of my child's future, but nothing comes to me but this—I must kill him.

To-day I have made up my mind. A doctor has told me I may not live a year: my disease has grown upon me; great pains shoot through my chest, and quantities of blood come from my lungs at times. I do not dread the act of dying, only the parting from my child; but to-day I have made up my mind that we must part—never to meet again, not even in Eternity. To-night I shall put it off no longer; my child shall suffer no more. An hour ago his father came home savage with drink and found the child had broken his favourite pipe during his absence. I would have saved the little fellow by taking the blame; but, when he heard his father's voice calling him downstairs, he went to his punishment like a little hero. But his father had no admiration for his truth or pluck, only harsh words for the quaking child. I hurried downstairs when I heard my boy scream, but when I reached the door of the room where they were it was slammed and locked in my face. I heard the child call to me and the sound of hard blows above his bitter crying; every lash cut into my flesh, and every blow was a knife thrust in my heart. I beat upon the door till my hands left their bloody marks upon the panels. When the door was opened at length, I bore the fainting child away. What was the use of words with a man who could ill use a thing so helpless, who could treat a child in a way he dare not treat his dog, lest the world should cry shame upon him? But a dog will not forget an injustice, neither will a child; it is a wound that may heal, but always leaves a mark.

I rock my darling upon my heart and pray; I fold his little hands and make him repeat my words after me; then I sing him to sleep. Every bruise upon the white body appears to me like a reproach; it was not for this, my darling, that I brought you into the world. Yet nothing is more sure than sorrow; why did I not think? The room is growing



MADELINE: "EVE OF ST. AGNES."

*Out went the taper as she hurried in ;
 Its little smoke, in pallid moonshine, died.
 She closed the door, she panted, all akin
 To spirits of the air, and visions wide.*

dark; it seems to me as though phantoms wait in the shadows watching my every action. I feel the air move as though fanned by invisible wings. Angels wait to bear my child to Heaven, but for me dread ghosts are lurking in the darkness and I am afraid. I feel what I cannot see; their blazing eyes burn into my soul. If I were sure that when among the damned I should remember that my child was safe in Heaven, I could find the sacrifice of my eternal life more easy to bear; but, perhaps, I may not remember. I do not think I shall, for then it

stand every hour or so while the staff cut their fuel in the neighbouring forest; moreover, if it were possible for a passenger to shoot a buck while speeding through the "Garden of England," he could scarcely expect even the Chatham and Dover express to pull up to allow him to recover his quarry.

Many difficulties has this little railway had to overcome—difficulties which in any other than British hands would have been impossibilities. But now the hardships are over, and the extension to Salisbury will

be comparatively easy. From Umtali, the first township within the border, the gauge is increased, consequently the extension will require a distinct set of rolling-stock. Umtali cannot fail to benefit from this, for it will be a changing dépôt for all goods that are conveyed to Salisbury by this route.

To most people at home this railroad, with its two-foot gauge (no wider than many a tramway), would seem but a toy, yet to many of those who assembled at the rail-head that afternoon the sturdy little engine that came puffing in was the first of its kind they had set eyes upon for several years. Tastefully decorated with flora from the veldt, she looked very pretty, and the message that she carried, painted on a screen in front, "Now we shan't be long," must have struck everyone as cheerfully appropriate, judging from the unanimous applause it evoked. And, indeed, it is more than probable that the success of Rhodesia is not far off, though pessimistic Mr. Blake may argue to the contrary. The opinion of those on the spot—

which should be a fair criterion—does not tally with Mr. Blake's, however, fortunately for the hardy settlers of Rhodesia.

The view of Paulington, as seen from Main Street, Umtali, is typical. Paulington, so named in honour of the constructors of the line, Messrs. George Pauling and Co., is the railway headquarters. A more picturesque spot for the terminus it would be hard to find. A few years hence it will not be so picturesque. Its green beauty will be marred by ugly iron structures; and of these, though myself a lover of nature, I am bound to say "the more the merrier."

A banquet was held to celebrate the arrival of the train in Umtali, but the opening ceremony did not take place till some time after, when a week's carnival was held.

J. H. H.



THE FIRST TRAIN IN UMTALI, MASHONALAND.

Photo by Dampney and Co., Umtali.

would not be Hell. What if they torture me with false dreams, making me see him in misery and misfortune; but what matter when he shall be most blessed?

But no! it is too terrible! Can I part for ever from him? Shall I meet no more all the friends of my childhood who have passed away? My father, and my mother? Shall I be shut out for ever from God's sight? Shall I have no one to welcome me in that strange country, when I stand there lone and new? Only jeering tongues and evil faces to greet me? Will it be all darkness for me, who hate the gloom; no little child to take my hand and lead me into safety and light? Yet I dare not hesitate. Heaven is yours now, my child, but as the years go on you may not be ready. Kiss me! kiss me! Good-bye, my love, my child; you shall die within my arms and against my breast. Thus—thus—O God!

You, who can pray, pray for me, who go forth into the darkness alone.

RHODESIA'S LATEST RAILWAY.

It is not long since the railway to Bulawayo was completed, and now Rhodesia is celebrating the arrival of an iron horse that has crossed Portuguese East Africa to enter the "Scotland of South Africa" on her eastern border.

Leaving Beira, its terminus on the Indian Ocean, early on the morning of Feb. 3, this puffing pioneer reached Umtali soon after three o'clock on the afternoon of the next day, having covered the two hundred and thirty miles in thirty hours. The London, Chatham, and Dover could give the Beira Railway points in matter of speed, no doubt; but, then, it must be remembered that the engines of that lightning line are not bound to "lay to" all night, neither have they to come to a



PAULINGTON: A TYPICAL STRETCH OF UMTALI SCENERY.

Photo by Dampney and Co., Umtali.

THE LATEST PRETENDER.

BY ANDREW LANG.

These remarks illustrate two designs; the first represents the monument to the exiled royal family in St. Peter's, the second represents a statue of a *soi-disant* Stuart on the Bowling Green of Berwick-on-Tweed. The facts, or rather fancies, about this person have been reiterated in connection with the statue. They are a tissue of nonsense, as is natural, for they are the tradition, now nearly sixty years old, of the myth composed by a man who died in 1844. This fanciful person is reported to have given himself out for some great one, a cousin of Prince Charles. "He was the son of General John Stuart, uncle to Prince Charlie, and was born in Charlestown, South Carolina, while his father was serving there," in 1729. An uncle of Prince Charles would be a son of James II—of course, illegitimate. Such a son was the Duke of Berwick, whose descent was dealt with in *The Sketch* two weeks ago. The "General John Stuart" is a mere fable. There was a person, who died about 1850, that gave himself out as a grandson of Prince Charles, being a son of the Duchess of Albany, the Prince's only child, by a mythical husband, a certain Swedish Baron Rohenstart. This "General Stuart" is buried, I think, at Dunkeld. Conceivably he may have been a descendant of Charles's attached servant, John Stuart, who survived his master. "The Bonny Lass o' Albany" was never married, and died within a year of her father.

The Stuart of Berwick Bowling Green alleged that he was educated at the Universities of St. Andrews and Aberdeen. I have not searched the records, but, if so, history was no part of his education. He gave himself out as an Ogilvy by maternal descent, the grandson or great-grandson of the Lady Airlie of the ballad. There is no Ogilvy tradition of an intrigue between a lady of the House and James II., whose mistresses are pretty well known, as a rule. This old impostor fought at Prestonpans, being then sixteen; younger boys were in the fight, but he alone lived to be 115. Then he was with Wolfe at Quebec, after meeting him, on the other side, at Culloden. Leaving America about 1780 (*ætat.* fifty-one), he sold his commission, "and became a sailor!" He then, between fifty and sixty, was in the Caithness Fencibles, and ended his royal career as a kind of Edie Ochiltree. From his physical force he was known as "Jemie Strength." He must always have been a short man, no "giant." He was for sixty years a pauper at Berwick. There is a ludicrous tale that he set off to see Scott, by Sir Walter's request, but was met by news of the poet's death.



THE LAST OF THE STUARTS LIE HERE, IN THE BASILICA OF ST. PETER'S, AT ROME.

Now, in 1832, Scott was dying after his Italian journey, and was not capable of sending for apocryphal Stuarts. He had no belief in the two gentlemen, Charles and John Stuart, who, in his later days, were fêted as grandsons of Prince Charles in the Highlands.

The legend of the Bowling Green statue is thus a mass of historical absurdities. "General John Stuart," son of James II., is a ludicrous

myth. We have no knowledge of bastards of James III. About 1730, a man in Paris pretended to this amount of royalty; there are letters about him in the Additional Manuscripts of the British Museum. He declared that he was the son of James III. and Clementina Sobieski, born before their marriage. Now they had never met till their marriage, the King being in France or Italy, his future wife in Poland. This



"THE LAST OF THE STUARTS": A STATUE AT BERWICK-ON-TWEED.

Photo by W. Green, Berwick-on-Tweed.

Pretender turned out to be mad. The wife of Gainsborough, again, was regarded as a daughter of James III. merely because nobody knew her parentage. The Johanna Sobieski Douglas buried in a churchyard in the Lake Country was the daughter of a forfeited Douglas who was out in the 'Forty-five. Thus there is no known trace of left-handed Stuarts descended from the Chevalier.

The Cardinal Duke of York is quite beyond suspicion on this head. Charles Edward made a legal affidavit that he never had a child, except his daughter, the "Bonny Lass o' Albany." The Countess of Albany, his wife, told Napoleon that *she* never had a child. Thus there is no probability that a direct descendant of Stuart blood, after the children of James II., is at present existing. Our nearest link with the 'Forty-Five is in grandsons, still living (as the Duke of Argyll, I think, and several others), of men who fought at Culloden. The grandfather of a living baronet fought there at the age of fifteen and married after he was fifty. His son also married after he was fifty, and thus the gulf of time is easily bridged without a pauper patriarch of one hundred and fifteen years.

The other illustration represents the monument, erected at the expense of George IV., when Prince Regent, to "James III., son of James II., King of Great Britain, and to Charles Edward, and Henry, Cardinal York, sons of James III., the last of the Royal House of Stuart. 1819."

James receives his title, probably, because it was recognised by Rome, while Charles III. and Henry IX. were not so recognised by the Papal Court. This monument was the only thing which Scott had strength to visit while in Rome, as he suffered from a fresh attack of apoplexy, and went home to die. There is also a monument of Charles, erected by the Cardinal York in his church at Frascati. I do not know where the Duchess of Albany, *spes exigua et extrema*, is buried.

Such was the end of a junior branch of the FitzAlans, Earls of Arundel, promoted to be *Senescalli*, or Stewards of Scotland, then intermarrying with a daughter of Robert Bruce, whence came a son, who, by an amour within forbidden degrees, had children, legitimised by a later marriage after Papal dispensation, and royal, by Parliamentary title, in the person of John Stewart, by crown-name, Robert III. There is hardly a crowned head in Europe but comes of the blood of Elizabeth Mure of Rowallan, and, what is odd, of the blood of Sibbald. For a really Legitimist heir to the Throne, we should go behind the gracious Duncan to the blood of Lulach and Mailsnechtan. If an heir is found his name ought to be (I give you three guesses!)—MacHeath! Or a MacWilliam, descended from the eldest son of Malcolm Canmore, may have a chance.

AUDIENCE OF THE "SON OF HEAVEN."

Once a year his Imperial Majesty Kuang Hsi, the Emperor of China, deigns to shed the light of his countenance on those representatives of the "barbarian" whom he permits to reside in his capital. The interview rarely exceeds ten minutes, the Peking Court officials having generously made the function as brief as possible, out of regard for the comfort of the visitors, who could not for long be expected to endure (with the ease derived from long association with the Source of Light) the dazzling effulgence which emanates from the presence of the "Son of Heaven." There is generally a flutter among the diplomatic dove-cotes of the Celestial City as the eventful day approaches, and those Legations who revel in the glory of a diplomatic uniform subject the braid and buttons of the same to a rigid inspection for some time prior to the reception-day. When the morning arrives, there is a great run on sedan-chairs (it would be deemed highly indecorous to travel to the palace in any other conveyance), and frequently those used at weddings are brought into requisition. On the windows of a bridal-chair are inscribed the characters "Shuang Hsi," and when these conveyances pass through the streets considerable amusement is created among the spectators, the more waggish of whom, with the pertinacity of a London street-boy, inquire of the occupant whether he expects to obtain a wife from the palace.

The annual audience is the only occasion when foreigners are permitted to enter the sacred precincts of the "Forbidden City," the punishment inflicted on intruders at other times being instant death. From a pagoda on the south wall of the Tartar City the yellow turrets of the royal buildings can plainly be distinguished beyond the capacious courtyard, while in the latter there may be seen on any fine day the Imperial Guards sunning themselves in various postures, all unmindful of the fact that they have in their keeping the Ruler of the Universe.

The members of the foreign Legations, on arriving at a side-entrance in the palace walls, are received by some two thousand mandarins, gorgeously appressed in silks and furs, their respective degrees being denoted by the colour of the button on their hats and the square decoration on their breasts. The English and American Legations are usually arrayed in sober evening-dress, unless the Minister happens to be a military man, as in the case of Sir Claude Macdonald, who wears his uniform. The Anglo-Saxons are completely outshone by the French, Russian, German, Holland, Austrian, Spanish, Italian, and Japanese Legations, whose display of gold lace, gold embroideries, medals, ribbons, insignias, plumes, spears, swords, and helmets look for all the world like an Alhambra ballet, and, of course, make a most profound impression on the mind of the tinsel-loving Oriental. The waiting-room into which the Diplomatic Corps is shown can best be compared to a waiting-room on the London, Chatham, and Dover Railway. It is a wretched apartment, sparsely furnished, and the walls are decorated with a few scrolls on which are inscribed Confucian proverbs, more honoured in the breach than in the observance. The room is not half big enough to accommodate the Ministers and their suites, numbers of whom have to wait in the hall. To fortify them against the trying ordeal awaiting them, tea is served in cups of dirty china, and Japanese cigarettes are distributed. While waiting here the Ministers are visited by the chief officers of state, the commanding figure of Li Hung Chang being conspicuously prominent as he passes from one group to another, indulging in that species of mental horse-play for which he is so noted, and greeting everyone with a genial smile. Rival Ministers, forgetting for the nonce national jealousies, mingle as freely as the Consular Students at the club, and all seem to bear up bravely in face of the impending strain upon their nerves.

Prince Kung, the Emperor's uncle, in a short time announces that the reception is about to take place; cigarettes are thrown away, white

than the floor of the hall. The Princes of the Blood stand near him. The Manchu King, the ruler of over 400,000,000 people, looks more like a sickly youth than a man of twenty-eight. He is a poor, miserable, invertebrate creature, whose lack-lustre eyes, hollow cheeks, and general appearance of weariness furnish incontrovertible evidence of his



PAGODA FROM WHICH THE EMPEROR'S PALACE CAN BE SEEN.

feebleness of character, and no surprise is felt that such a weakling should be made the willing tool of the ignorant and prejudiced Princes who surround him.

Colonel Denby, the venerable American Minister and doyen of the Peking Diplomatic Corps, stands in the centre of the eight Ministers, our own representative (Sir Claude Macdonald) being on his right, and the French Minister (M. Gerard) on his left. The Ministers all bow simultaneously when about fifteen feet from the throne, the crowd of Attachés behind indulging in a marionette-like bobbing of heads which detracts considerably from the dignity of the occasion and gives rise to smothered laughter on the part of the younger diplomatists. Colonel Denby reads a brief speech of congratulation of less than two minutes' duration, which is interpreted into Chinese by M. Popoff, of the Russian Legation, the senior interpreter present. Prince Kung then advances to the platform on the Emperor's left, and, kneeling, renders the message into Manchu (the language of the Court). The Emperor lazily acknowledges it in a brief speech of a dozen sentences, which are punctuated by apostrophic "ch'ch's" on the part of Prince Kung. The latter translates the Emperor's speech into Mandarin, M. Popoff re-translating it into French for the benefit of the "barbarians." The Ministers and staffs then retire backwards in a necessarily awkward manner, and return to their respective Legations, and the Emperor once more withdraws into the most mysterious Court Circle that the world contains.

A. EDMONDS.

OLD MOORE AND THE SITUATION.

The political atmosphere is so heavily charged at time of writing, the average daily paper is so eager to "cry havoc and let slip the dogs of war," that one turns to Old Moore to see what was due in the way of disaster. March has gone out and left one or two prophecies unfulfilled. Old Moore has reason to believe that the stars indicated an intention of the War Office to put the Highland regiments into trousers. In fact, the picture for March showed several pairs of trousers on a clothes-line, three Highland laddies looking at them with expressions of horror and disgust, two women weeping in the background, a stern Commander-in-Chief pointing to the articles of clothing in attitude of fierce determination, and three retrievers looking on unconcerned. The past month has been a trying one for all good citizens, but this crowning horror has been spared us. Truth to tell, the stars have been "getting at" Old Moore. For this month we are promised an outbreak of Anarchy, quarrels between niggers and white men in the U.S.A., a big fire in one of our great public buildings, a stupendous scientific discovery, and some very offensive revelations in the Divorce-Court. "Rumours of war will be heard," says the prophet; "but little attention need be paid to them. It is probable that the nations in disagreement will be forced to sink their differences by a strong combination of the other Powers." In May there will be a great collision. The prophet is not quite clear whether it will be between a couple of trains or the two greatest Powers of Europe. Probably by June he will be able to decide. June is peaceful, and troubles in Crete are fixed for July; while his own picture of August is beyond the prophet's power of interpretation. He calls attention to an infuriated cat with a glass eye facing a three-legged dog, and he remarks gloomily enough, "Wait and see." A rise in the foreign share market is the only ray of light shed on a trying month. September is fairly free from trouble; but October will see America in a sad plight, while November and December yield no sensations. So far Old Moore, who cannot claim to have scored during the first quarter of the year. He must talk seriously to the stars, or he will be no better off in public esteem than outside brokers and gentlemen who sell three certainties for sixpence on the racecourse.



THE WAY MINISTERS ARE CARRIED TO AN AUDIENCE.

kid gloves are put on, and, headed by the Ministers, the entire body emerge into the open air, whence, through a passage between lines of blue tents, they proceed to the audience-chamber, a yellow-tiled building with a courtyard in front. The Emperor is seated behind a small table, which is covered with yellow silk, upon a platform a few feet higher



MISS ETHEL EARLE.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY LANIADO AND BELL, MANCHESTER.

OLD ENGLISH BOOKS AT THE BRITISH MUSEUM.

For the second time during Dr. Garnett's tenure of office as Keeper of Printed Books the British Museum is now displaying, in one of the glass cases in the King's Library, an array of newly acquired English rarities, such as even the Museum is only able to obtain at long intervals. The twenty or more books purchased, a few years ago, from the Isham collection materially reinforced the Museum collection of Elizabethan literature; the books now acquired, partly from the Ashburnham sale, partly from the library formed in the last century by Mr. Maurice Johnson, of Spalding, are a hundred years earlier, and, while not unimportant in the history of our early Tudor literature, have the added distinction of having been printed three of them by Caxton and no less than eleven by his foreman and successor, Wynkyn de Worde. The Caxton acquired at the Ashburnham sale is the "Doctrinal of Sapience," a book of popular theology translated by the printer himself from a French version of the "Manipulus Curatorum," a compilation of the early part of the fourteenth century. The two Spalding books are both of them in verse, and one of the two is reckoned by Mr. Blades as the first book with illustrations from Caxton's press. This is the last of his three editions of the "Parvus et Magnus Chato," a paraphrase of the famous distichs of Dionysius Cato, made, as Caxton tells us, "by Master Benet Burgh," "in Balad royal, for the erudition of my Lord Boucher, son and heir at that time to my Lord the Earl of Essex." The two woodcuts, one of which is here shown, both represent a master and his scholars, the master in the first being armed with a birch, and in the second being seated before one of the complicated reading-desks common in fifteenth-century illustrations both in manuscripts and printed books. The other Spalding Caxton acquired is the rather dull treatise in verse, entitled "Curia Sapientie; or, The Court of Sapience," attributed by Stow to the poet Lydgate. Both these books, it should be mentioned, were probably printed in 1481, while the "Doctrinal of Sapience" belongs to 1489.

The eleven books printed by Wynkyn de Worde, at various dates from 1497 to 1521, are arranged in a long line, with the 1517 edition of Chaucer's "Troilus and Cressida" (acquired at the Ashburnham sale) honourably placed in the centre. With one exception (and that has

hand is explained in the text, in which we are told (we modernise the spelling)—

The Turks be charged to their belief, but the Christian people be not so, but amiably learned and taught. And when that the predicant, or preacher, shall go to preach their false belief, he hath a naked sword in his hand, as long as his

**¶ Here begynneth a lytell treatyse
of the turkes la we called Alcaron.
And also it speketh of Machamet
the Nygromancer. ∴ ∴**



Hic incipit parvus Chato



**Um aia aduertere quam hoies grauitur errare
When I aduerter in my remembrance
And see how fele folkess erren greuously
In the wey of vertuous gouernaunce
I haue supposyd in myn herte that I
Dought to suppozte and counceyl prudently
Them to be vertuous in luyng
And how they shal them self in honour bryng
Igitur fili carissime docebo te quo pacto mores
Therefore my leue chylde I shal now telle the
Hertken me wel the maner and the guyse
How thy soule inwards shal acquoynted be
With the bes good and vertues in al wyse
Rede and conceyue for he is to dyspse
That wyth ay and wote not what it ment**

a ii

sermon shall endure and last. Or else he putteth the said sword in a high place, where as everybody may behold it that is there, for to fear and threaten them!

Among the other books from De Worde's press now acquired are "The Conuerecyon of Swerers," by Stephen Hawes, "The Dystruccion of Jerusalem by Tytus and Vaspasyan," "The Gospell of Nycodemus," Fisher's Sermon at St. Paul's on the death of Henry VII., &c. To pick up eleven such books and three Caxtons within a few months is an achievement even in the annals of the British Museum.

A SOLDIER'S SWEETHEART.

You went the way that the summer went—
On the wings of autumn weather;
A flash of red and a roll of drums,
My heart and "the strength" together,
"Bound East"; but since that, and the sea between,
Are England's still, and hers only,
There is home at the other side of the world—
Shall the hearts that you leave be lonely?

And when it is summer the whole year round,
Where the blue's never-failing above you,
You will never forget, were it twice as bright,
True blue of the eyes that love you.
For the soldier's sweetheart follows the drum
That beats round the world like thunder.
There was never a call to arms, my dear,
That could tear true souls asunder!

And when Captain Death, on the last parade,
The last word of command shall have spoken,
Our hearts shall follow your muffled drums,
Nor deem that the links are broken.
For you go the way that all heroes went,
In the track of their deathless muster:
Sword sheathed, sweetheart, and the day's march done,
You shall rest where God's camp-fires cluster.

E. M. HEWITT.

De Worde's device), all these little books are illustrated with a woodcut on their first page, and they make a much more picturesque array than the Caxtons. The typical example here illustrated is "a lytell treatyse of the turkes lawe called Alcaron. And also it speketh of Machamet the Nygromancer." Why the preacher is shown with a sword in his

THE HOUND AND HIS VICTIM.

Photographs by Fred Spalding, Chelmsford.



JOSEPH III., THE NEW CHEF AT THE SAVOY.

According to the philosophic historian, a cook was really the author of one of the most tremendous wars that have ravaged Europe. For the cook culminated badly—I borrow with repulsion the word “culminated” from a lady journalist—the dinner of an almighty monarch, who consequently had an attack of indigestion and ill-temper, and replied to a courteous diplomatic remonstrance by an incivil “ultipomatum”—Mr. Toole will, I hope, pardon the theft of a word. So war ensued, and thousands became widows or orphans, or lost lovers, fathers, or brothers, to say nothing of life, and misery reigned supreme. Yet the name of the cook, like that of the villain who fired the Great Library, or the author of the Whitechapel murders, remains unknown. So, if M. Joseph had been the dinner director of that monarch—well, the Savoy Hotel dinners would be less promising than at present. If you go to the Savoy Restaurant, your eye will be quickly caught by M. Joseph, the *maitre d'hôtel*, for he is a man whose countenance at once suggests character, and M. Joseph has character—as well as genius. An illustration?

Is it not known that Mr. W. K. Vanderbilt, tired of having to cross the Atlantic each time that he wanted a good dinner, carried off M. Joseph to the States—a figure of the American Eagle as Jove and M. Joseph as Ganymede suggests itself—alluring him with a yearly honorarium (I durst not say salary) that would be as certain as one of M. Joseph's own dishes to make any editor's mouth water? However, the greatest living representative of the art glorified in prose by Anthelme Brillat-Savarin of Belley, and in poetry by Berchoux, was, like Ovid, in exile: he pined in the society of the barbarians. Moreover, Mr. Vanderbilt had the indelicacy to be late for luncheon—nuncheon, the pedants would have called it—several times, and once expressed a desire for corned beef and cabbage, and was referred by M. Joseph to the gardener. So, scorning the wealth of the States, the artist returned to enthusiastic Europe, and founded a restaurant in the Rue de Marivaux—the street named after a dramatist of subtlety who could have appreciated the *restaurateur*—and the gourmets hastened to get the real “Canneton de Rouen à la Presse” from the inventor, and other famous dishes. I must add that the Vanderbilt story was not told me by M. Joseph, who now presides at the Savoy, having crossed the odious “La Manche” on a golden bridge tendered by the directors of the hotel.

Monsieur Joseph—the “Monsieur” is used by him to prevent confusion with a mere orchid cultivator—interrupted his labours as *maitre d'hôtel* to discuss for a rapid moment his theories with me. Whilst he spoke English—learnt in England, where, though born of French parents, he spent the first thirteen years of his life—he was a little awe-inspiring in demeanour. When, however, he found that, unlike most journalists, I know that *cordons bleus* really means a female cook, he lapsed into French and suavity.

“The Americans' cuisine? There is no cuisine in America. They don't dine—they eat. People who work fast like the Americans eat fast. People who eat fast, eat ill, and become ill; then they want horrors, not cooking.”

“The English?”

“Ah, another pair of boots! The English have some traditions, and some leisure, and they are not far from France and civilisation; so I know many really distinguished English *amateurs*, perhaps I should say *connaisseurs*, as you use the word ‘amateur’ differently.”

“Our use is different from that of the Americans,” I answered, thinking of Henley; but he missed the point.

“No, I was not long enough in America to found a school—two years is not long enough.”

At the moment we were interrupted by an American who came with his pretty wife to say that they would not go back to the States till they had eaten another of M. Joseph's dinners, of which they had enjoyed exquisite experience in Paris. While they were talking, someone whispered to me that M. Joseph once had a strike in his restaurant, that a deputation of waiters had called on him, insisting upon the right to wear beards and moustaches. To them the *maitre* replied, “Certainly;

I consent with pleasure, but there is one limitation: you must only wear them when outside my restaurant,” and the *mot* restored peace. The *maitre*, I may observe, is really a wit.

“Is there progress,” I asked, “in the culinary art?”

“Yes,” he replied, “sure progress, though, with inevitable flux and reflux, we are beginning to appreciate my theory.”

“Your theory?”

“Yes: a great dinner, like a great man, must be short.” We bowed to one another. “Your English theory of increasing the number of the entrées with the number of guests is—bah! For the real dinner to give to a gourmet—I speak not of such public calamities as public dinners—a *potage* delicate, succulent, and not heavy, a *poisson* in its true season, and no bad heraldry sauce, and a good *plat*—a real work of art; then *légumes*, and afterwards, if you like, *des fantaisies*, to be eaten as mere *passe-temps*.”

“No *hors d'œuvres*?” I asked, thinking of the spiced trifles which wreck the appetites of inexperienced diners; “and only one *plat*?”

“Most *hors d'œuvres* dull the appetite; a few in small quantities whip it. One *plat*—yes; but it must hit the mark like the bullet of the man who has but one cartridge. The serious dish which cloy before it satisfies is a failure—a failure. And you must have good wine. Water-

drinkers may be excellent folk; ‘Il n'y a que les méchants qui boivent de l'eau—preuve Noé’ is not a maxim that I accept; but they can't dine—they may feed.”

“But the *potage*? Sir Andrew Clark, a great physician, always forbade soup!”

“So should I if I were a doctor: the prohibition would be good for trade. Poor cooking, rich doctor, is the rule, and *vice versa*. But, alas, people with *maladies d'estomac* do not like healthy food—they want pickles, highly spiced things, and fiercely acid. Pickles are as inadmissible in art as explosive bullets or poisoned wells in warfare. When I watch people at dinner and notice what they choose, I often observe cases of incipient *maladies d'estomac*.”

“You must be a keen observer?”

“Monsieur, I am a *restaurateur*! The *restaurateur* should be a great observer, a skilled *metteur en scène*, a *diplomate*, un *peu artiste*, *acteur*. Suppose his *chef* has cooked a noble *plat*—what qualities are needed to give its full value? If an artist paints a fine picture, and the buyer frames it ill or hangs it in a bad light, it is wasted. So, too, the *plat* must be handled so as to stimulate the imagination, to excite the mind; it must be delicately served at the psychological moment, and its beauties must be displayed with utmost nicety.”

“And the *maitre d'hôtel*?”

“The *maitre d'hôtel*, such as I am here, has most complex duties; he must control the kitchen and the cellars, and study the guests. A wry face, a half-eaten dish, are reproaches, unless the guests choose

their dinner *à la carte* without consulting him, when, of course, he is not responsible for errors of judgment.”

We had another break in the interview. Since everyone seemed to want instructions, though he lavished the “*tout de suite*” which irritates one in the French, he could not put off some, and was dragged away. Indeed, my efforts suggested the idea of attempting to interview a will-o'-the-wisp. The last thing that I remember was a phrase which reminded me of a speech in “The Master Builder”—

“My ideal is to make people when they dine remember that they are neither machines nor animals, but human beings.” E. F. S.



M. JOSEPH.

Photo by Carjat, Paris

Berlin has only just exchanged her horse tramways for electric ones. She has been very late in making this change, for Leipsic, Hamburg, Dresden, Frankfort, and many other smaller towns have long ago adopted the electric tram. Soon, however, she will establish a very Transatlantic method of conveyance through her chief streets, for report says that an electric circular railway is to be constructed at the height of the first storey. The occupants of houses on the route are not precisely delighted at the idea of their privacy being invaded; but it has been represented to them that there will be far less danger of being run over, as the new railway will greatly lessen the traffic in the streets; so, doubtless, the phlegmatic Berliner will soon accustom himself to his new railway, and end by appreciating its merits.

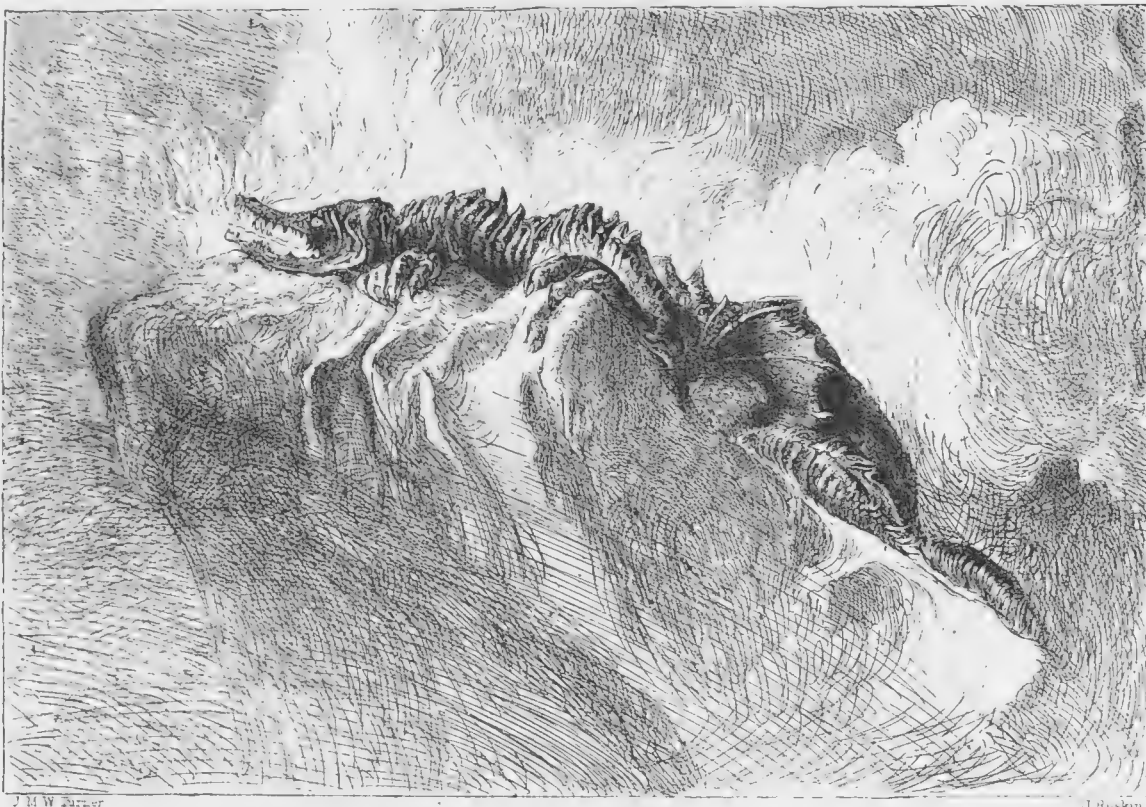
THE ART OF THE DAY.

RUSKIN ON LANDSCAPE.

Fashions, like government by party, come and go. That which was the mode yesterday will be the mode to-morrow, and is not the mode to-day. A short time ago all Belgravia and Mayfair held up hands of horror when such a colour as magenta or royal-blue or violet was mentioned aloud. And those who cordially disliked the reign of the aniline dye, in their folly hoped that it was dead and done with; but they had reckoned without fashion, and to-day the aniline dye has returned triumphant to our midst, and Oxford Street and Bond Street and Regent Street are a blaze of violet and magenta and terrible greens. — It is a little saddening, but, of course, one should arm the spirit against such changes, and no man, artist or another, need, therefore, be afraid with any amazement.

Well, that may go by way of illustration. Some years ago, as we all know, Mr. Ruskin was the Prophet and Preacher of Art to the young student. Everything that teacher had to say was listened to with abject reverence and respect. Probably there has never been a man who has lectured and written on art who has had so curious and even religious a vogue. The literary man was in raptures over the style of Ruskin's writing; the artist accepted the substance as very Gospel. It is sad to think that this phase also came under the ban of fashion. Time passed,

And again: "A cloud, looked at as a cloud only, is no more subject for painting than so much feculence in dirty water. That it is worthy of being painted at all depends upon its being the means of nourishment and chastisement to men, or the dwelling of imaginary gods." Was there ever such a denial of the direct beauty of nature uttered by the mouth of man? Moreover, he is not afraid of his own conclusions. He describes a landscape of Turner's, "one of the most beautiful landscapes ever painted." "The subject physically," he says complacently, "is a mere bank of grass above a stream, with some wych-elms and willows. A level-topped bank; the water has cut its way down through the soft alluvion of an elevated plain to the limestone rock at the bottom." So far, so good. But mark the conclusion: "Had this scene been in America, no mortal could have made a landscape of it." And why, do you suppose? Because Turner had added certain details which carry you back "into the life of the fourteenth century." There is a moral, it seems, in the matter—a comparison of past and present, the ruined abbey and "the Mistress feeding her chickens." This contrast it is which makes the landscape lovely in Ruskin's eyes; without *that* (you see) you might have found your landscape in America, and of what earthly use is America without a fourteenth-century abbey and a Mistress feeding her chickens? And are the new students coming



THE DRAGON FROM "THE GARDEN OF THE HESPERIDES."—JOHN RUSKIN, AFTER TURNER.

Reproduced by permission of Mr. George Allen.

and a new generation arose that knew not the old Apostle of Art. Mr. Whistler—who, after all, said in his "Ten o'Clock" everything that need be said upon the basis and framework of art—did, in fact, succeed in pushing Mr. Ruskin from his former throne, and the doctrines of Oxford began to fall into the lot of "outworn faces." Style, the be-all and end-all of life, poetical vision, personal impressionism—all these modern ministers of art flew like the sylphs of Pope's poem to the defence of Mr. Whistler, guarding the precious curl as in "The Rape of the Lock" from the profanity of scissors.

Now, wonder upon wonders, in these latter days, the rumour goes abroad that the day of Ruskin's vogue is returning, that students of this, that, and the other art school are beginning once more to read the Master of former days, not only for style, but also for guidance, refreshment, and principles. No doubt, if for that reason alone, the fine edition (George Allen, Orpington) of Ruskin's "Lectures on Landscape," which were delivered at Oxford in the Lent Term of 1871, will be largely welcomed. The volume is accompanied by twenty-two plates and by two woodcuts "in the text." It is admirably printed, and, with its wealth of margin and solemnity of size, is a most imposing production.

And yet—and yet, to those of us who are not students, but have seen the gradual change of fashion come over the spirit of the times which accepted Ruskin for their Hot-Gospeller, it is a curious retracing of steps to turn over these pages. When you read such a sentence as this, you wonder whether the world is spinning, and whether, like a hyperbola, it is returning again to the point from which it started so many years ago: "The interest of a landscape consists wholly in its relation either to figures present—or to figures past—or to human powers conceived."

back to all this? "Rocks," cries the Prophet, "and water and air may no more be painted for their own sakes than the armour carved without the warrior." Has it come to this again? Well, well.

Reproduced herewith is one of the plates accompanying this volume, Turner's Dragon from "The Garden of the Hesperides." Ruskin notes in this connection that there are dragons and dragons. "There is Turner's Dragon; there is Michael Angelo's; there, a very little one of Carpaccio's." He is contemptuous of Michael Angelo's Dragon. "It is very easy," he scornfully declares, "to round a dragon's neck, if the only idea you have of it is that it is virtually no more than a coiled sausage." There's a world of humour in that adverb "virtually." But Turner is of another kidney. "Note in Turner's that clinging to the earth—the specialty of him—*il gran nemico*, 'the great enemy,' Plutus. His claws are like the Clefts of the Rock; his shoulders like its pinnacles; his belly deep into its every fissure—glued down—loaded down; his bat's wings cannot lift him, they are rudimentary wings only." There is, too, a brief passage in these lectures upon Rembrandt's "Portrait of a Burgomaster"—an "ignobly passionate chiaroscuro, rejoicing in darkness rather than light. . . . It is entirely second-rate work." Are the new students going to accept that also?

Finally, a word upon the literature of this book. The style is elastic as steel, lucid as air, and rare and refined as precious stones. "Do you think it a dishonour to man to say to him that Death is but only Rest? See that when it draws near to you, you may look to it, at least, for sweetness of Rest: and that you recognise the Lord of Death coming to you as a Shepherd gathering you into his Fold at night." There spoke the master of prose. His opinions are—well, another story.

THE SCOTS IN FRANCE.

In the very interesting article on the Kirkpatricks which appeared in *The Sketch* of March 16 there is no mention of the fact that the mother of the late M. de Lesseps was also one of the Malaga Kirkpatricks, and that, through her, the creator of the Suez Canal was second cousin to the Empress Eugénie. Lesseps was very proud of this Scottish descent, to which he used to attribute the elements of grip and tenacity in his character. But he also claimed a remote paternal connection with the Land o' Cakes, though this he never could convincingly prove, like Colbert (Louis XIV.'s famous Finance Minister), who was undoubtedly of Scottish ancestry (probably Cuthbert), as you will find from Francesque Michel's "Les Ecosais en France; les Français en Ecosse."

It is a curious fact that two of the greatest financiers who ever swayed the destinies of France were of Scottish origin—Colbert and Law, though the latter was held to have swayed those destinies in the wrong direction, as witness the witty epitaph—

Ci-gît cet Ecosais
célèbre,
Ce calculateur sans
égal,
Qui, par les règles
d'algèbre,
A mis la France à
l'hôpital.

There are still Laws de Lauriston in the French Army. When witnessing the grand review at Châlons, the autumn before last, in honour of the Czar, I was struck by the fact that two of the four splendid Cavalry Divisions which swept past the saluting-point were commanded by men of Scottish extraction, Generals Colbert and Laurens (Lawrence) de Warn. By-the-by, where is Warn? "Eh bien!" said I to a French friend, "if your Army still retains traces like these of the 'old alliance' between our two countries, how about your Navy?" "Oh," was the reply, "the coming man there is Admiral Brown de Colstoun," which is a locality in the Lothians. Strikingly visible still in the field of war, the "auld alliance" between France and Scotland has equally impressed itself on the greatest modern work of peace. For the Suez Canal, the creation of M. de Lesseps, was formally opened by his illustrious kinswoman, the Empress of the French—both Kirkpatricks by maternal descent from the friend and companion of, Robert Bruce, who, when the latter, on emerging from the Grey Friars' Church at Dumfries, exclaimed, "I doubt I have slain the Red Comyn!" replied, "Doubt? I'll mak' siccar," and, rushing into the church, was as good as his word. It was this inherited habit of making "siccar" that enabled Ferdinand de Lesseps to cling to the execution of the project which most Englishmen, with Lord Palmerston at their head, ridiculed as impracticable; as it was also the same ancestral habit which impelled the Empress Eugénie to force the hand of her hesitating husband and drive him, in spite of his doubts, into the war which deprived them of their throne.

CHARLES LOWE.

THE CHRISTENING OF THE "KENTUCKY."

There has just been a christening at Newport News, Virginia, that is unique in the history of the naming of American battleships. The new battleship *Kentucky*, named in honour of the State that is noted for its supply of innumerable "colonels," handsome women, thoroughbred horses, and fine old Bourbon whisky, was launched under the auspices of the Woman's Christian Temperance Union! At least, that was what the thing amounted to, for the young woman who christened the ship is a member of that organisation, and was prevailed upon by its officers to swing a bottle of water against the ship's red sides, instead of the traditional bottle of champagne, which all sailors know should be used for battleship christening in order to bring "luck" in time of peace and victory in time of war.

A large number of the inhabitants of the State of Kentucky went to Virginia for the christening ceremony, with hearts full of patriotic fervour and pockets bulging out with something else. What was in their pockets might also be said to be a species of patriotism, though of the State instead of the national order, for the bulging of the pockets was caused by flasks of Kentucky whisky. It was carried in one hundred pockets of one hundred "colonels," who, full of wrath and humiliation at the thought of the blot that was to be put upon their State when the bottle of mere water was thrown upon their gallant ship, had made up their minds to rectify the mistake by hurling surreptitiously a hundred bottles of whisky at her.

The water which Miss Bradley used for the christening was from a spring in Larne County, Kentucky, at which the great Abraham Lincoln, when a boy, had once quenched his thirst.

"I christen thee *Kentucky*," called out Miss Bradley, as she hurled the bottle of clear water at the ship. Then what was the surprise of the crowd to see numerous other bottles go skylarking through

the air! A hundred bottles of whisky went dashing upon her, while a hundred "colonels" murmured sonorously, "We also christen you *Kentucky* with the finest product of the State from which you're named!"

But that was not all. Out from among the crowd of "colonels" sprang another maid of Kentucky with another bottle of water—water from another well in Kentucky, a well on the one-time farm home of Jefferson Davis, who was President of the Southern Confederacy. Miss Bradley, being the daughter of the first Republican Governor of Kentucky, had chosen from Abraham Lincoln's spring, while the other girl had filled her bottle at the well once used by his enemy. Even then the battleship must needs go through another ordeal of christening, this time by a sailor, who, clinging to the old sailor's superstition that a "lucky" ship must have previously been baptised with champagne, spilt a bottle of wine over her sides.

ELIZABETH L. BANKS.



MRS. BROWN-POTTER.

Photo by Madame Garst-Charles, Titchfield Road, N.W.



MRS. BROWN-POTTER.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY MADAME GARET-CHARLES, TITCHFIELD ROAD, N.W.

THE BOYHOOD OF BYRON.

The fair town of Banff loves to recall its connection with the early years of the poet Byron, for did not the well-worn Plainstones of that ancient royal burgh once echo to the sound of his boyish feet, and was it not here that his precocity and idiosyncrasies first began to attract attention? How one wishes to have been present at that pleasant meeting in Brussels between the poet and that charming raconteur Major Pryse Gordon of Banff. The meeting took place a few months after Waterloo, but it was not of that famous victory the soldier and the poet who "hymned the heroes' praise" chose to talk. For three hours they discoursed on "the pranks and adventures" of the poet's boyish days in the North. Much had happened since Byron was in Banff. "Childe Harold" had dazzled the world. Byron had married, and had left his wife and his country in disgust, never more to return. Casting aside his troubles, the poet reverts, on this occasion, with spirit to his boyish days. The striking personality and magnetic influence of Pryse Gordon

was well connected and was not without means. We find, for example, from the Rose Letters that in 1791, Lord Fife, at her request, took twelve hundred pounds of her money at interest. From a letter of Byron's mother, written that same year from Aberdeen, it appears that Lady Gight had settled twelve hundred pounds on her at her (the grandmother's) death, but, notwithstanding, Mrs. Gordon-Byron had much difficulty in raising a hundred pounds, even though, as she said, she was "in great want of the money." Lady Gight's house, where Byron resided when in Banff, was commodious but severely plain. The house is now demolished, the site having been required for the County Buildings. A thorn-tree planted by the poet had also to be uprooted and removed. In spite of every attention, in a year or two in its new soil it sickened and died. The wood of the thorn-tree was found to be of a beautiful grain and colour, and from this interesting relic the late Mrs. Coutts caused a fancy work-table to be made.

But the tree that most visitors to Banff inquire after is "Byron's Pear." This is a very old pear-tree in the garden of the old Manse, and rejoices in various aliases, such as "The Shirramuir," and "The Banff



BYRON USED TO ROB THIS PEAR-TREE, WHICH STILL STANDS IN THE GARDEN OF THE OLD MANSE AT BANFF.
FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY RAE, BANFF.

vividly bring to his recollection many little incidents of his early life, among others the fall and hurt he received in climbing a plum-tree, so as to get at some pears on a wall. Byron talked with much feeling of his desperate love at that early age for Mary Duff. "It is a phenomenon in my existence," said Lord Byron, when over twenty years old, "for I was then not eight years old, which has puzzled and will puzzle me to the latest hour of it."

Byron's mother and her son took up their residence in Aberdeen in 1790, for the estate of Gight had been sold, as the local bard foretold about the time of her marriage—

O whare are ye gaeing, bonny Miss Gordon?
O whare are ye gaeing sae bonny and braw?
Ye've married wi' Johnnie Byron,
To squander the lands of Gight awa'.

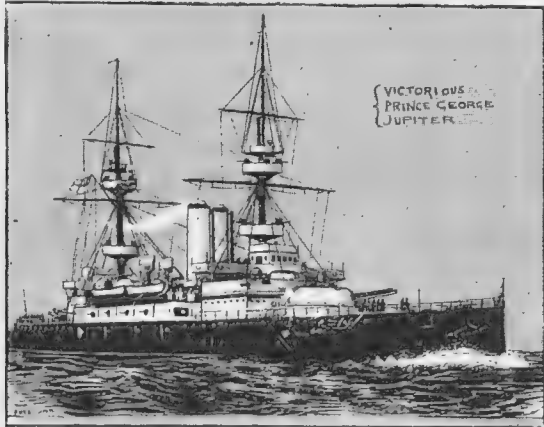
From Aberdeen they paid frequent visits to Banff, for Mrs. Gordon-Byron had been brought up there with her grandmother, Mrs. Gordon of Gight, usually styled Lady Gight, for her parents died early, and there her grandmother still resided and many of her friends and relations. Banff was in those days one of the gayest little towns in Scotland, for many of the county families had a town residence in it. Lady Gight

Chaumontelle," the latter locally corrupted into "The Salmon Tail." It is a notable tree apart altogether from any association with Byron, being one of the largest fruit-trees in Scotland; and as for age, it may even be older than "The Shirramuir." Its height is about forty-two feet, the circuit of its branches about a hundred and fifty-three feet, and the girth of the trunk is thirteen feet at the ground. In former years, when we had to rely for fruit mainly on our native produce, "The Minister's Tree" sometimes yielded twelve pounds in one year. "From the eighth to the twentieth of May," writes one well competent to express an opinion, "its blossoms are a show worth travelling a long way to see." This was the tree that in popular belief young George Gordon-Byron, "the little English nickim," robbed of its fruit; but perhaps the minister of the parish, the brother of Pryse Gordon, was a little to blame in allowing a prominent branch to overhang, as it then did, the Water Path so temptingly, thereby, if the truth must be told, causing a breach not only of the Tenth, but also of the Eighth Commandment by several worthy burghers, who could not but admit that, unlike Byron, they had had the advantage of a high moral training in their early years. An account of this tree and specimens of the fruit and grafts were sent from Banff to Lady Lovelace—"Ada, sole daughter of my house and heart"—but it has not been ascertained whether the latter flourish in their English home as they did in the far North.

NAVIES PAST AND PRESENT.*

The year is scarcely begun than we are face to face with a mass of naval literature which covers the whole range of sea-power, from England in Tudor times to the entire world in the present year of grace.

Mr. Julian Corbett takes us back to Queen Elizabeth. He shows us

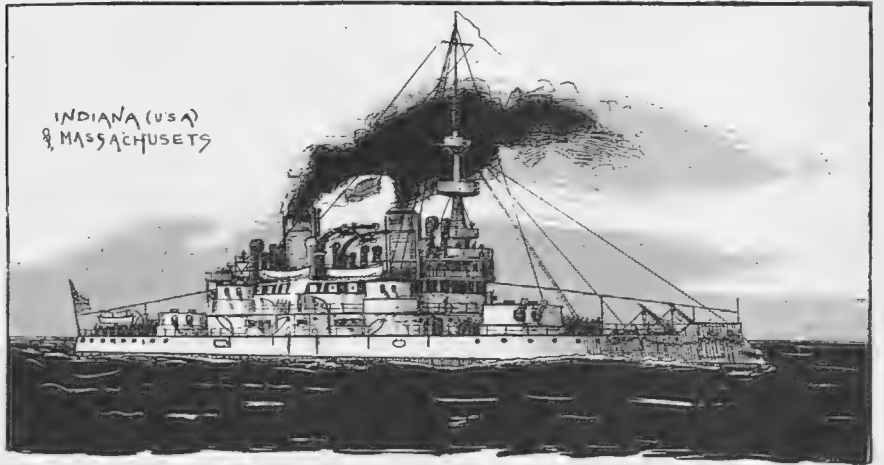


ENGLISH FIRST-CLASS BATTLESHIP, "VICTORIOUS."
From "All the World's Fighting Ships."

Drake, the great seaman of the West, not merely as the dreaded corsair and foremost of naval captains, but as the sagacious leader who, at a fateful period, guided the development of our Navy, and used it with such effect against our enemies.

Although a native of Devon, his childhood was spent among the royal ships laid up in Gillingham Reach. At an early age he was apprenticed on a small coasting vessel, but he soon joined his kinsman Hawkins, then engaged in the slave trade. At San Juan de Ulua one of these expeditions was treacherously attacked by the Spaniards, and, although the Englishmen made a heroic defence, many of them were killed and four of their six vessels were destroyed. Hitherto his visits to the Spanish Main had been mere

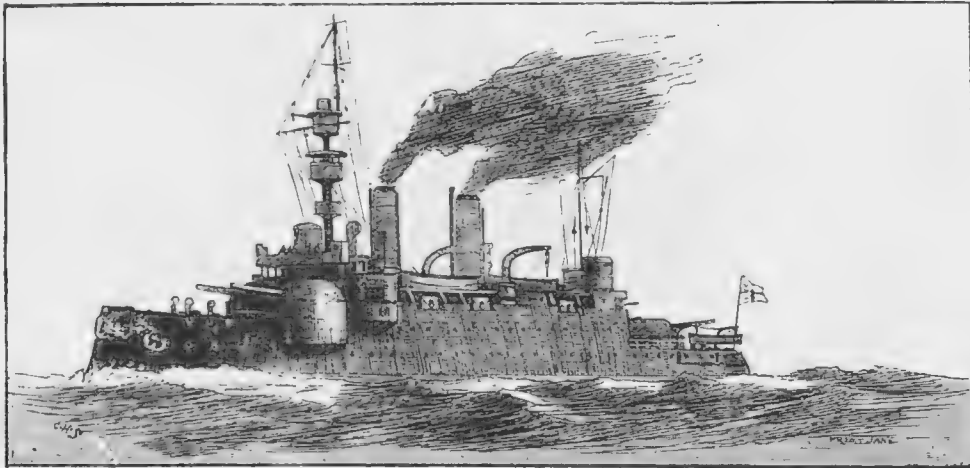
completely surprised the Spaniards. Valparaiso, Arica, and Callao were seized, and near Panama he captured the *Cacafuego*, the richest galleon in the South Seas. His vessel, the *Golden Hind*, was now literally ballasted with treasure, and he returned home by the Cape of Good Hope, the first Englishman who sailed round the world. Here his career as a corsair ends; henceforth he takes his place as a great statesman, and the leader to whom his countrymen look when dangers threaten. For some years after his return he was employed in organising the Navy, and in trying to force on the now inevitable struggle with Spain. The expeditions he led against the Indies and the Ports of Spain crippled the resources of Philip; but in 1588 the long-delayed Armada sailed. Drake's services to his country reached their culminating point when, as Howard's Vice-Admiral, he crushed the Great Armada. The Armada campaign is described very fully, and also the unfortunate



UNITED STATES FIRST-CLASS BATTLESHIP, "INDIANA."
From "All the World's Fighting Ships."

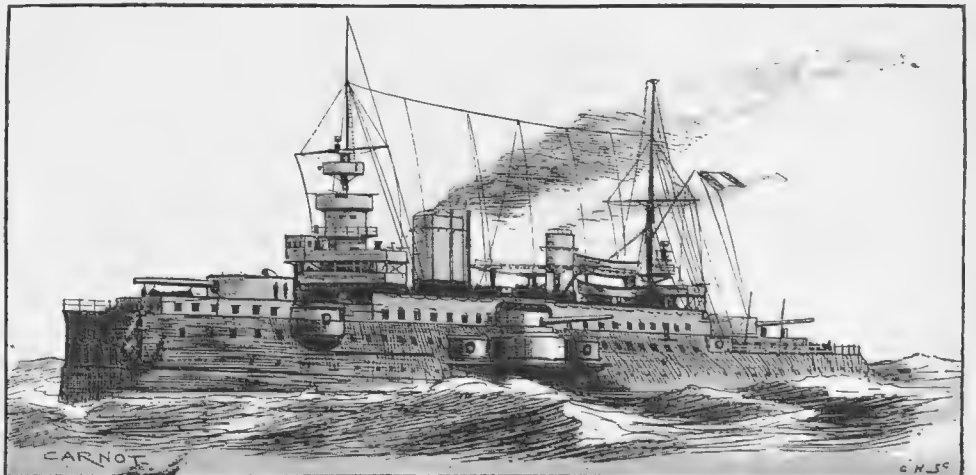
Lisbon expedition of the next year, in which he was employed with insufficient means. Years of disgrace followed, till in 1596 he led another expedition against the Spanish Main. But fortune had deserted him, and, depressed by defeat and disease, he died, and was buried at sea on the scene of his early triumphs, and, "for a last and fitting memorial to the dead, two vessels of his own fleet and his recent prizes were sunk near where he lay" ere the depressed survivors made sail for home.

Mr. Laird Clowes and his comrades bring us down the years, for the second volume of his monumental History of the Navy deals with the period 1603-1714, when the House of Brunswick arose. In the early part of this period there was a great falling-off from the high standard of naval efficiency attained under Elizabeth, and, as a result, our foreign commerce was harried by pirates, and even the Channel and coast towns of England were raided by fleets of corsairs from the Mediterranean. Under the Commonwealth the Navy covered itself with glory, and some idea of the importance which Cromwell attached to it may be gained from the fact that, during the eleven years of his administration, more than half the revenues of the country were devoted to its support. As a result, piracy disappeared from the British seas; Holland, after a desperate struggle, was overcome by the fleets of Blake and Monk. Spain was humbled, and the corsairs of Tunis and Algiers were severely repressed. There were four great naval wars between the Restoration and 1714, and even during the intervals there was no peace on the distant seas. The second and third Dutch Wars saw enormous fleets engaged on each side, and the fighting



GERMAN SECOND-CLASS BATTLESHIP, "ÄGIR."
From "All the World's Fighting Ships."

trading ventures, but now, filled with hatred of the Spaniards, he begins his career as a corsair. In a secret bay on the coast of Darien he established a dépôt to which he conveyed his prizes and where he retired to refresh and rest his crews. He there learned the secrets of the treasure trade, and saw the weakness of the Spanish possessions, and, laden with plunder, returned to England to prepare a more formidable raid. On this, his most famous venture, he started with but seventy-three men. Misfortune dogged his steps. His dépôts had been discovered and emptied; he seized Nombre-de-Dios with 360 tons of silver besides gold and jewels in its treasure-house, but was wounded and had to abandon it all; a virulent disease destroyed many of his men, and at Venta Cruz he just missed a rich treasure train. It was on this expedition that, from a tree-top on the summit of the Cordilleras, Drake first viewed the Pacific, and the germ of his voyage of circumnavigation had birth. A treasure train surprised just as it reached Nombre-de-Dios enabled him to return home again laden with treasure. In 1577 Drake burst into the South Pacific and



FRENCH FIRST-CLASS BATTLESHIP, "CARNOT."
From "All the World's Fighting Ships."

* "Drake and the Tudor Navy. With a History of the Rise of England as a Maritime Power." By Julian S. Corbett. London: Longmans, Green, and Co.

"The Royal Navy: A History from the Earliest Times to the Present." By W. Laird Clowes and others. London: Sampson Low, Marston, and Co. (Vol. II.)

"All the World's Fighting Ships." By Frederick T. Jane. London: Sampson Low, Marston, and Co.

between the English and Dutch ships was very obstinate; but the French, who were allied in the former with Holland, and in the latter with England, were too careful of their vessels to be of much assistance to either.

The war which broke out in 1689 marks the beginning of the great struggles between England and France which for nearly a century and a half form a large part of our naval history. The fine fleet which Colbert had built gave the French a marked superiority at the beginning of the war, but they failed to profit by the advantages gained at Bantry Bay and at Beachy Head, and, after the crushing defeat inflicted on them by the English and Dutch at La Hogue, France turned her naval energy to a war on commerce. The last great struggle of this period was the War of the Spanish Succession, which lasted for eleven years, and was mainly a privateer war on the French side, and a series of raids on coasts and harbours on the English. The destruction of a French fleet at Vigo and the capture of Gibraltar were our most noteworthy successes, but, as in the preceding wars, the mortality among our seamen from bad food and sanitation was appalling. Like its predecessor, this volume contains many excellent illustrations, and is provided with a very complete index.

The era which Mr. Jane deals with is so different from every other age in the history of sea-power that there seems little connection between to-day and yesterday, so far as the world's warships are concerned. Mr. Jane's elaborate album is intended mainly for naval men, and its first purpose is to enable them to recognise any vessel as soon as her upper works heave in sight. The clearness with which the masts, yards, and fighting-tops, as well as funnels, steam-pipes, ventilators, and other noticeable points about their superstructures, are brought out in the thousand or so of admirable pen-and-ink sketches of ships contained in the volume, will ensure this recognition at an early period. And when we consider the rapidity with which modern vessels may approach each other, the early distinction of friend from foe is evidently a matter of prime importance. But this volume is something more than a mere series of sketches, clear and distinct though these be, for it gives sufficient information of the size, armour, and armament of each vessel, as well as of her ascertained speed, as to be of great interest to the now numerous class of landmen who pay some attention to naval affairs. This information is conveyed in a minimum of space, and depends on a classification of the armour-protection, guns, and ships, which is more detailed than usual, and gives a better idea of the actual value of the different vessels, both in defensive and offensive power, than a mere statement of the thickness of their armour and the calibre of their guns is calculated to convey. Mr. Jane divides all guns used on board ship, exclusive of those smaller than the 12-pounder, into six classes, according to the weight of the blow which the gun can deliver. The superiority of this method of classification over the usual one of merely giving the calibre of the guns in inches is shown very clearly in the case of the 12-inch gun, which is found in each of his first three divisions, and which varies in muzzle-energy from 33,000 foot-pounds in the new wire gun, to 7190 foot-pounds in the muzzle-loading weapon which still finds a place on some of our older ships. In a similar way, the armour of the vessels is arranged under five classes, the classes depending not on the thickness of the armour, which may be either of iron or steel, but on the resistance it can offer to the penetration of the guns.

His classification of ships differs somewhat from that usually met with, and only large modern ironclads find a place in the first class. This definition, while leaving the first-class battleships of the English Navy the same position as they occupy in such works as Brassey's "Naval Annual," removes to a lower class no fewer than three vessels which, in his classification of the Navy of France, are shown as battleships of the first class. This alteration reduces the strength of our neighbour in first-class battleships to ten, a figure which is now reached by Russia.

An examination of the illustrations brings out strongly various characteristics of the different navies. Our own is distinguished by the numerous large groups of vessels of exactly similar type which it contains. The *Royal Sovereigns* and *Majestics* in battleships, the *Orlandos*, *Edgars*, and *Talbots* in cruisers, and the large class of destroyers may be mentioned as examples of this tendency. In the Navy of France, on the other hand, the battleships not only differ considerably from each other in appearance and armament, but are all marked by huge superstructures and enormous masts carrying several tiers of fighting-tops, which, added to the inward slope of their sides, renders them utterly unlike the ships of our Navy. In the matter of superstructures and tops the vessels of Germany and Russia occupy a position between those of France and England, while many American ships at once attract attention by the enormous height of their funnels. Among others deserving special notice are the new battleships of the Japanese Navy and some of the cruisers belonging to the South American Republics. Immediately after the sketches of ships, which form the great bulk of the book, is an interesting table showing the number of days the various ships can keep up their full speed at sea, although somehow our cruisers of the *Edgar* class seem to be omitted.

The series of plans, drawn to scale, which show the distribution and resisting power of the armour in every vessel, must form valuable guides to the gunnery officer in aiding him to choose the projectile likely to give the best result in attacking any particular vessel opposed to him. The letterpress is in four languages, English, French, German, and Italian, and the work is brought up to January of the present year.

THE LITERARY LOUNGER.

Mr. Henley has presented us with the definitive edition of his poems up to the present moment. There is hardly anything in the volume (Nutt) that will be new to readers of "A Book of Verses" and "London Voluntaries," and among the rejected there is hardly anything that will be missed. The new edition is valuable and interesting, nevertheless, and will surely call forth many new and completer estimates of his poetical work, and give him a fresh chance of popularity. There is nothing to hinder a wide popularity for his verse, save the fact that the mass of readers to-day are not merely indifferent to poetry, but actually hate it, and with a fine, vigorous hatred, unless it be of the drum-and-trumpet order, or unless it remind them of the music-hall, or unless it be eccentric and appeal to some kind of extravagant vogue or intellectual vanity. Mr. Henley's Jingo songs cannot rival Mr. Kipling's, and so to the crowd he is nobody, while in the narrower circle of the cultivated there are many timid persons whom he has frightened or annoyed by his prose. But in his verse he is very rarely seen sitting in the scorner's chair. He is the poet of the normal, of the sturdy, of genial and general sentiments. With all his sturdiness, he runs to the pretty and the sentimental: there, and not in any fondness for difficult or unpopular subjects, attitudes, or phrases, must his weakness be sought, and by that weakness he should be endeared to the many, as by his natural, national seriousness and mysticism. When he is finally judged, two or three songs that sing in the ear and in the mind will plead best for him, "Where forlorn sunsets flare and fade," and "Out of the night that covers me," for instance, and next his great power of landscape suggestion—landscape, be it said, as it affects and reflects some human emotion. This in its way is unsurpassable—

The shadow of Dawn;
Stillness and stars and overmastering dreams
Of Life and Death and Sleep;
Heard over gleaming flats, the old unchanging sound
Of the old, unchanging Sea.

Here in the porch,
Upon the multitudinous silences
Of the kingdoms of the grave,
We twain are you and I—two ghosts Omnipotence
Can touch no more—no more:

unsurpassable, unless it be by "Trees and the Menace of Night," or that other haunting one, "Midsummer Midnight Skies."

But if one is bent on drawing readers in goodly numbers to Mr. Henley's poems, it were best not to speak of him as a landscapist, not even a very human landscapist. His chances will be better if one presents him the poet of good spirits; and he has deserved the title for the verses that are own brothers of Browning's "I Was Ever a Fighter," and for his constantly recurring theme—

Life is worth living
Through every grain of it,
From the foundations
To the last edge
Of the corner-stone, death.

Chapman's "Iliad" is the latest addition to the admirable "Temple Classics" of Messrs. Dent. It has been set to a broader gauge than its predecessors, for the reason notified by the publishers in a note pasted in, which reads quaintly to this effect—

The Publishers are aware that this volume is not as seemly as others in the series, but, after much consideration, thought it better to allow the type to run into the margin, so that they might not have to turn every line and that it might range with the "Odyssey" by the same translator in the same series.

Amid the many books of the season comes one by a gentleman who writes of wines under what may be thought the blasphemous title of "Through a Glass Lightly." In his last chapter he begs for commiseration on the ground that he is now forced by his doctor and the insurance agents to be a water-drinker. We know better. There is the stamp of the long-confirmed teetotaller in him. His style resembles none other so much as that of the notable or notorious lady who discourses in eloquent and involved phrases of bonnets and chignons and Ascot and Henley gowns in one of the great London dailies. She has her justification. Her subject is distracting, maddening, full of caprice and hysterical excitement. But a genuine wine-drinker would write more soberly than this: "With Port we go down gloriously, but precipitately, into the couch of kings; we nestle into Luxury's lap; but we sleep on the instant. To a splendour of light succeeds an abyss of dark. . . . With Port we lose the senses, with Claret we exchange them. The commonplace becomes romantic, the accountant precedes a poet. He has spurned the brute Earth, and his hand has touched the shoulder of Pegasus himself. That he cannot mount is no fault of the charger that is ready to bear him heavenwards. Not even Claret is omnipotent." And so on, and worse, *ad infinitum*. A connoisseur in wines would have written more fastidiously; a toper would not have written at all. I make no doubt Mr. Greg felt he had caught, in some passages, the style of Charles Lamb; but it is only the milliner's sublime he reaches, especially in his chapter on Cellars, with its scorn of everything that is not expensive. But there is some amusement, not depreciative, to be had from the little book. Mr. Greg is right in wondering why Mr. Meredith makes Ripton Thompson get drunk on claret. And statements like these may rouse profitable controversy. "Hermitage has the most religion, Hock the most sentiment, Champagne the most love, and Port the most charity." And the little book is of an unsurpassable daintiness in its outward attire. o. o.

THE LIGHT SIDE OF NATURE.



SHE : Did you stay long in Venice ?

HE : Only a couple of days, but I saw everything worth seeing.

SHE : Really ! Then you saw the Lion of St. Mark's, I suppose ?

HE : Rather ! Saw him fed. [*And the conversation flagged.*]

GERHART HAUPTMANN'S MÄRCHEN DRAMA.

An unpremeditated flight into the ether of pure idealism has placed Gerhart Hauptmann, the uncompromisingly realistic author of that grim tragedy of hunger, "The Weavers," on the highest pinnacle of literary fame. The furore created by his "Versunkene Glocke" (literally translated, "The Sunken Bell") on its production in December 1896 was quite unprecedented in the history of the modern Continental stage. Even now "Die Versunkene Glocke" still remains the most popular and the most talked-of play in Europe. It has been accorded the distinction of being performed in Paris, and holds a permanent place in the répertoire of almost every theatre of importance in Germany, Austria, and Hungary. At the Deutsches Theater, Berlin, it was only withdrawn to make way for Herr Sudermann's "Johannes," which has not at all eclipsed it in the public favour.

"Die Versunkene Glocke," in one sense, is a fantastic medley, like "A Midsummer Night's Dream," "The Tempest," and the second part of "Faust," in which fable and reality mingle and goblins and spirits associate with mortals in the most natural manner possible. "Die Versunkene Glocke" tells a story of the days of Albrecht Dürer, when quite common folk wore picturesque garments and rich silk stuffs, and the spirits of the water and mountains very little clothing to speak of. The interior of the master bell-founder's house is decorated with works of art by the old Nuremberg masters, Peter Vischer and Adam Kraft, and a painted crucifix hangs in his workshop. All the neighbours consider Heinrich the bell-founder a fortunate man. He has a devoted wife, two children beautiful as angels, and from every tower in the country round sweet-toned bells proclaim Master Heinrich's perfection in his art: yet he is not happy. The tone of the bells that excite men's admiration does not satisfy the master, who, in the exaltation of inspired moments, hears a richer, purer timbre that he cannot capture in his metal. When he gets an order to cast a bell for the chapel on the mountain, he strains every nerve to produce a masterpiece; but, when the bell is finished, he is conscious of having failed. He knows his bell will only sound in the valley, and not be heard in the mountains. The bell never reaches the chapel. On the steep mountain-

path a cobold puts a spoke in the wheel of the waggon, which collapses, and down rolls the bell, over a precipice, into the bottom of a lake. In despair and anguish, Heinrich pursues it. Afterwards, he finds himself, half-dead with fatigue, lying in the cottage of the little old witch of the woods, where he revives under the ministrations of the beautiful Rautendelein. Her radiant loveliness enchants him, and in her voice he

hears the very music he has striven so hard to produce in his bells, but which has always eluded him. The villagers come in search of Heinrich, and carry him home on a bier, and Rautendelein for the first time knows what sorrow means. She who has never done anything but laugh now sheds tears, and love draws her irresistibly down to the land of men. In the shape of a human maid, she knocks at Master Heinrich's door. He is supposed to be dying, but the elf kisses him into new life and inspires him with new ambition. He follows her up to the mountains again, and on a lofty peak he builds his new workshop, a temple of fame, a home of art, where, untrammelled by sordid cares, he thinks he will at last be able to found his ideal bell.

But he begins by making ornaments in wrought metal for his sweetheart, and news of the life he is leading causes a scandal in the village below. The Pastor comes up to exhort and reason with him. Heinrich meets his arguments proudly and defiantly, as befits the exponent of the New Paganism. Nevertheless, the old priest's reproaches take root in his heart. Doubt and remorse begin to torment him, and the last straw is a visit from his two little sons, who with naked feet wend their way wearily up the mountain-side, carrying a heavy jug. It is filled with his wife's tears, and the children tell Master Heinrich that she now lies at the bottom of the lake beside the drowned bell. Then he shakes off Rautendelein,

and journeys down to the valley, where he hears the chime of his cracked bell struck by his dead wife's hand. He is now an outcast in the land of men. All mortal doors are shut to him, and, broken-hearted, he returns to his mountain-peak to die in Rautendelein's arms.

With its Goblin lingo, its village dialect, above all its exquisite musical cadence, "Die Versunkene Glocke" is well calculated to make the translator tear his hair. All the same, it has been translated into French, Russian, Danish, Italian, and Hungarian, and an English metrical version is in preparation.



GERHART HAUPTMANN.



HERR KAINZ AS MASTER HEINRICH THE BELL-FOUNDER.

Photo by Höffert, Munich.



AGNES SORMA AS RAUTENDELEIN.

Photo by Höffert, Munich.

THE VILLON SOCIETY.

A FAMOUS SHIP.

The Villon Society was founded in 1877 by a small group of literary men and others, friends and admirers of the well-known poet, John Payne, who had become privately acquainted with the latter's complete metrical version, executed in 1874, of the poems of the famous French fifteenth-century balladist, François Villon, and desired to see the work printed in its entirety, a thing, of course, impossible in the ordinary way of publishing. To this end they subscribed towards the expense of printing a small edition, limited to one hundred and fifty-seven copies of the translation, which was accordingly issued to them in 1878. So great, however, was the interest aroused by the book among the cultivated portion of the reading public, and so generally were the exceptional qualities shown by the translator appreciated, that the original scheme of the society was altered and extended for the purpose of enabling Mr. Payne to translate and issue, in a style worthy of their merits, such other great works of foreign literature as commended themselves to him for that purpose. The first of these to be undertaken was "The Book of the Thousand Nights and One Night," the famous Arabian compendium of romantic fiction, of which only about a third part had hitherto been translated, and that in a very garbled and incorrect form, the verse in particular, which constitutes an especial feature of the work and which may be estimated as equivalent to some twelve or fifteen thousand ordinary decasyllable lines, having been altogether neglected by previous translators, owing to the complexity and obscurity of much of the original text and the difficulty of rendering the peculiar rhythms and complicated forms of Arabic metre. Mr. Payne's version of this great book, completed by an exhaustive critical essay on the history and character of the "Nights," was issued, in nine volumes, between the years 1882 and 1884, and at once became a classic. The issue was limited to five hundred copies, but so great was the demand that at least four times that number could have been subscribed. "The Book of the Thousand Nights and One Night" was immediately succeeded by three volumes of "Tales from the Arabic," being stories translated from texts of "The Arabian Nights" other than that adopted by Mr. Payne as his standard, and the series was, in the year 1889, closed by a volume containing the translation of the two stories of "Zein ul Asnam" and "Alaeddin," from the Arabic text then newly discovered by M. Zotenberg.



MR. JOHN PAYNE.

Photo by Lewis, Bath.

Meanwhile, in the year 1886 a complete translation, in three volumes, of the "Decameron" of Boccaccio had been issued, and this was, in 1890, followed by the novels of Matteo Bandello, Bishop of Agen, in six volumes, both works being translated from the Italian. In 1892 a revised and augmented edition of Villon's poems was issued, with the addition of an exhaustive biographical and critical study of the old French poet, and the present month will see the issue of Mr. Payne's complete metrical translation, the first complete one ever made, of the Quatrains of the great mediæval Persian poet, Omar Kháyyám. In addition to the above, Mr. Payne has for some years past been engaged upon a complete metrical version of the works of the greatest of Persian poets, Hafiz, a task of immense labour and difficulty, and other works are also in contemplation by him.

It is generally acknowledged that by the works above referred to Mr. Payne has inaugurated a new era in translation, no such combination of ripe scholarship and high original literary gifts having, in the whole annals of our literature (if we make the single exception of the Authorised Version of the Bible), been brought to bear upon the rendering into English of foreign masterpieces, such work having in general been executed either by Dryasdusts, mere scholars, who had no literary faculty and no sufficient mastery of their own tongue; by literary hacks without competent knowledge of either language; or, at best, by men of genius, like Sir Thomas North, who lacked scholarship to enable them to deal adequately with their originals. Mr. Payne's translations, on the contrary, are not only works of the highest order, in point of ripe and elegant scholarship, critical insight, and general erudition (the Introductions and Notes in particular evincing encyclopædic knowledge), but are at the same time monuments of English style in prose and in verse, "wearing their wisdom lightly" as Tennyson's Euclymus-fruit, and which, it may safely be predicted, will form an enduring part of English literature.

NOTE

The Sketch will be on sale in the UNITED STATES at the offices of the International News Company, 83 and 85, Duane Street, New York; and in AUSTRALASIA, by Messrs. Gordon and Gotch, at Melbourne, Sydney, Brisbane, Adelaide, and Perth, W.A.; Christchurch, Wellington, Auckland, and Dunedin, New Zealand.

The departure of the *Windward* for America brings to a close, for the present, a very memorable career. This sturdy little ship has entered the Polar ice in no fewer than thirty seasons, and, although exposed on many occasions to severe ice-pressure, has always given a good account of herself and safely made home. She was built by Messrs. Stephen and Forbes, of Peterhead, in 1860, at a time when the whaling industry was in its zenith, and when a fleet of nearly thirty vessels left Peterhead for the Arctic regions. Originally a sailing-ship, she had the distinction of being the first local whaler to be fitted up with steam, and she is actually the last vessel that went from Peterhead to the whale and seal fishing. The *Windward* is not a large vessel, being only 246 tons register, and carrying 321 tons, but she is a vessel of great strength of build, though by no means an exception to the average class of whalers. She is constructed entirely of oak, and doubled and tripled with African oak, but latterly she has been greatly strengthened and fortified to resist enormous ice-pressure. The *Windward* began her eventful career by running ashore at the harbour entrance of Peterhead as she was leaving on her first voyage to Greenland, and she had afterwards to be docked for repairs. In 1866 she was converted into a steamer, but, except in the neighbourhood of ice, her engines were hardly ever in motion. The fact was, she was very expensive in steam, burning twice as much coals as any of the other whalers, and attaining only half the speed. As a whaler she has made thirty voyages to Greenland and Davis Straits, but she was never particularly successful, the highest catch being in 1873, when she brought home 124 tons of seal-oil. Altogether, she is responsible for bringing from the Arctic regions the produce of 22 black whales, 190 white whales, 218 bottle-nose whales, and 71,866 seals. The *Windward* went yearly to Greenland from 1860 to 1875, and on three successive years from 1865 she made a second trip to Davis Straits.

After a financially disastrous voyage in 1875, when only five tons of oil were brought home, she was not fitted out for two seasons. The years 1878 to 1884 saw her regularly at Greenland; but whales were becoming extinct and the seal-fishing unprofitable, and for three years again she was laid up in the harbour of Peterhead. By this time the local fleet of whalers had become practically depleted, only some three or four in all being left. The high prices for Arctic produce now became a temptation, and the *Windward* was fitted out again in 1888. Once more she was kept at home in 1892, after a most unprofitable voyage the previous season; but in 1893 the late Captain David Gray, the acknowledged "prince of whalers," fitted her out and proceeded to his favourite haunts, but without success. This year the *Windward* sailed alone for Greenland, and since then no other vessel has prosecuted the whale and seal fishing from Peterhead, once the leading centre of the industry. In April of the following year, the *Windward*, the last of the Peterhead whalers, was sold to Captain Wiggins, of Siberia fame, but, a month later, while she was undergoing a thorough overhaul for the new trade in which she was to be engaged, she was purchased by the promoters of the Jackson-Harmsworth Expedition, whose aim was to reach the North Pole by the North-West Passage, and, on their way, to search for the missing members of the Borjorling party. In the beginning of 1896 the *Windward* came to London for a fresh supply of provisions, and, returning to Franz-Josef Land in June of the same year, had the honour, when under the command of Captain Brown, a native of Peterhead, of conveying, three months later, Nansen and his fellow-adventurer to their homes in Norway.

Since Mr. Harmsworth bought her for the work of his expedition she has forced her way through nearly two thousand miles of formidable ice-pack—itsself a record of considerable interest. To the *Windward* will belong the honour of having proved the navigability of Franz-Josef Land seas: the two ships which had previously made that remote archipelago were both lost on its inhospitable shores. It was a very graceful act on the part of Mr. Alfred Harmsworth to make a clear present of this ship to Lieutenant Peary, the American explorer. I understand that he has also spent more than two thousand pounds on refitting her and increasing her steam-power, and the fact that all the most important American papers sent representatives down to the *Windward* to witness her departure last week may be taken as evidence of the keen interest shown on the other side in the latest example of Arctic camaraderie.



THE "WINDWARD."

A GRAND OLD MAN OF MUSIC.

Few men have worked so long and so conscientiously in the service of music as has Sir George Grove, and fewer men have had so varied and interesting a life. For Sir George has not only been a passionate student of music, he has been a working engineer, has secured lasting fame as the founder of the Palestine Exploration Fund, has produced a remarkable work, "Dictionary of Music and Musicians," edited *Macmillan's Magazine*, acted as Secretary to the Crystal Palace Company, and as Director of the Royal College of Music. He has written over a thousand pages of Smith's "Dictionary of the Bible" and discovered missing manuscripts of Schubert's compositions. He is, moreover, responsible for the analytical notices signed "G." that appear in the programme-books of the Crystal Palace concerts. In short, Sir George Grove has spent his seventy-eight years of life so well, has essayed and accomplished so much valuable work, has left the impress of his personality on so many praiseworthy institutions, that it is very difficult indeed to deal adequately with his career within the limits of a newspaper article. The interest of the subject is the only excuse that may fairly be offered for the attempt.

He was born in 1820 within a few miles of Sydenham, and educated first at a local school, where he met Granville Bradley, late Dean of Westminster, whose sister he afterwards married. From his earliest years he was fond of music, but it was destined to be for many years his recreation rather than his regular work. When school-days were over, young George Grove was articled to a firm of engineers, and worked very hard at his profession, devoting spare hours to a constant search for old and rare engravings or to copying music in the Reading-Room of the British Museum. Constant occupation was ever the keynote of his existence, and when there was leisure from work he would go to Westminster Abbey and lose himself amid the exquisite music of organ and choir. His life held a curious medley of poetry and prose. There were the solitary rambles into lesser-known London in search of art treasures, and long twilight hours in the solemn Abbey, followed by three years of hard physical labour in a Glasgow factory. When that probationary period was over, we find the young man travelling to Jamaica to superintend the erection of a lighthouse, and following this journey with another to Bermuda for the same purpose. After that he worked at his profession in Chester and Bangor, always finding some spare time for the musical recreation that was so dear to him. In the course of his work he met Robert Stephenson, Mr. Brunel, and Sir Charles Barry, through whose good services he became secretary to the Society of Arts, and first came into touch with the movement that resulted in the establishment of the Crystal Palace in the grounds of Hyde Park. Mr. Francis Fuller, who recognised the hard work in the young man, offered him the post of secretary to the Crystal Palace when it was moved to Sydenham. The appointment was a very fortunate one. It brought a genuine enthusiast into the service of the undertaking, and had much to do with the prominence given to music. When we think that most of the best London concerts owe their inception directly or indirectly to the spread of musical education from Sydenham, it will be seen that the influence of Sir George Grove has been far more than a mere local one. It is more than forty years since, at the suggestion of the veteran August Manns, the secretary began to write explanatory notes for the concert programmes—notes that do much to assist the amateur in forming an accurate appreciation of the construction of the pieces performed. The love of music and musicians seemed to thrive apace under the new conditions, and in 1867 enthusiasm had reached so far that Mr. George Grove and Mr. Arthur Sullivan went off together to Vienna bent upon finding some hidden masterpieces of Schubert. Until this journey was undertaken the score of "Rosamunde" was incomplete; the two Englishmen found the complete manuscripts at the bottom of a cupboard in Dr. Schneider's house, and Sir George recalls the fact that he and the now staid composer of "The Golden Legend" played a game of leap-frog for very joy. Having no further claims upon his time for engineering work, and being possessed of a natural activity that a single occupation could not satisfy, Mr. Grove then turned his attention to a very ample study of the Bible, and, having some knowledge of Hebrew and German, mastered so many

aspects of Holy Writ that a journey to Palestine became a necessity, and, one visit not being sufficient, he made a second.

From these two journeys a movement was developed that resulted in the establishment of the Palestine Exploration Fund, and a consequent series of very important discoveries that are going on even now. The value of work that brings the new world into touch with the old can scarcely be overestimated, and no question of religious belief is concerned with the interest created by the scholarly research that is constantly throwing fresh light upon the past. During the years following the establishment of the fund, Mr. Grove was busy contributing to Dr. Smith's famous "Dictionary of the Bible," and withal he found time to execute his duties at the Crystal Palace down to the year 1873, when an offer from Messrs. Macmillan to accept an important post in their editorial department cancelled his official connection with Sydenham. Under the auspices of the famous house, the monumental "Dictionary of Music and Musicians" first saw the light. To this book adequate reference cannot be made in the small space at my disposal; it is sufficient to say that the four volumes, constituting a perfect mine of comprehensive scholarship and fine judgment, are very dear to musicians, professional and amateur alike. The next noteworthy development in the interesting career of Sir George Grove was his appointment, in 1883, to be a Director of the Royal College of Music, an appointment made directly by the Prince of Wales. In the same year he received the honour of knighthood, eleven years later his C.B. followed, while from the Duke of Saxe-Coburg and Gotha he has the Cross of the Order of Merit, and from the Universities of Durham and Glasgow the honorary degrees of D.C.L. and LL.D.

Though to-day Sir George cannot work as he was so pleased to do when Time and he were younger, his interest in the proceedings of the musical world does not diminish. His house at Lower Sydenham is within easy reach of the Crystal Palace he has loved so long and served so well; the Saturday Concerts find him in the Press Gallery, listening with keen and critical attention to the work of the orchestra. He is intolerant of the writing called "smart," and is a very critical judge of criticism. Without being in any unfair sense a partisan, he remains ever cognisant of the great work that has been done by the orchestra under August Manns to raise the standard of English musical appreciation. Only a month or so ago he called my attention to a severe and unjustifiable condemnation of an item in one Saturday's programme. I could not fail to see that the statement had really hurt the veteran musician and that his critical faculty was in no way affected. By no means *laudator temporis acti*, Sir George gives a most careful and attentive hearing to the work of every young aspirant whose efforts are honoured with a hearing in the Crystal Palace Concert-room, and is generous though

discreet in his appreciation. Thus, while the years pass, he retains his youth and his enthusiasm. During the past few months his health has been impaired and he has suffered from the loss of his brother, but when the Concert Season at Sydenham reopened on March 12 he was in his familiar place and waited until the last bar was played before he left. Before the concert commenced, he told me that the winter had handled him somewhat roughly, and I suggested that the bright weather, together with the Saturday Concerts, were the only things necessary to make him feel quite well again. "Yes," he said, "the concerts will do me a great deal of good, I am sure"; and of the thousands who listened enraptured to the Mendelssohn Concerto for Violin and Orchestra, rendered by Dr. Joachim and the famous orchestra, no listener, amateur or professional, showed more keen delight than the veteran who has given so much of his useful life to the service of Music.

S. L. B.



SIR GEORGE GROVE.

Photo by Cassell Smith, Oxford Street, W.

LANDSCAPE ON THE STAGE.

The illusions that can now be produced on the stage show a greater advance on the past than anything connected with the theatre. Take the clever photographs on the opposite page of "Away Down East," a melodrama which has proved a success in America. The arrangement of the "back-cloth" gives a most curious impression of perspective, and the house at the side is as real as the most exigent gallery-boy could demand. Over and above that, the photographs by Mr. Byron are, as usual, excellent.

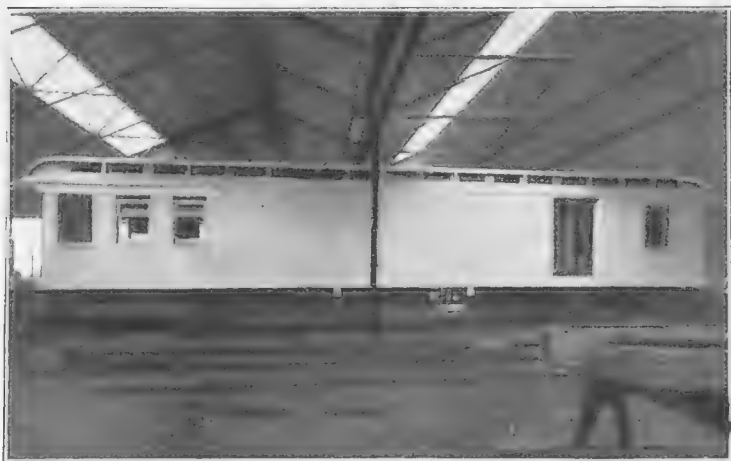
“AWAY DOWN EAST.”

Photographs by Byron, New York.



THE BARNUM-BAILEY TRAIN.

The accompanying photographs illustrate the principal type of vehicles, either building or completed, for the Barnum-Bailey train. To transport the colossal Olympian show about the country, special rolling-stock has



THE ADVERTISING CAR.

been contracted for as follows: One advertising car, seven sleepers, one private saloon for the proprietor, thirty-five "flats" for the show-waggons, sixteen stock cars for the animals and horses, one camel car, three elephant cars, one baggage car, one led-stock car, and one pony car—total, sixty-seven vehicles, all of the same great length, namely, fifty-seven feet. With the exception of the advertising car, which will be attached to the ordinary express trains, the remaining sixty-six cars will be divided into four trains, each drawn by two powerful goods locomotives, at a speed not exceeding twenty-five miles an hour. In accordance with what is, I believe, a unique arrangement, Mr. Bailey will not pay either passenger or live-stock fares, but hire his locomotive-power from the companies concerned by the day.

The first photograph shows the advertising car, which, when completed for the road, will have its livery of dazzling white further heightened by the aid of gorgeous gilt lettering and shields bearing elaborate transfers. The interior of this vehicle is fitted up at the double-window end as an office; in the centre there is sleeping accommodation for eight advance-agents, while the third apartment contains a boiler for mixing the paste required for the posters and bills. It may be noted that the stock and flat cars present, in comparison with their abnormal length, a squat appearance on the metals. Owing to the huge size of the road show-waggons to be carried on the "flats," and to the interior loftiness demanded in the case of the cars conveying the live-stock, it has been necessary to furnish both with wheels considerably smaller in diameter than the standard size used on all rolling-stock in this country; otherwise the roofs would never have cleared the bridges and tunnels *en route*. The cars, of course, are all mounted upon bogey-



INTERIOR OF THE ADVERTISING CAR.

trucks, the wheels being 2 feet 8 in. instead of 3 feet 1 in. Both the Westinghouse and automatic vacuum brakes are fitted to each vehicle. The stock cars, painted a bright yellow, carry on their under-framing a shelf for ramps, in order to permit of the occupants being speedily

entrained and detrained, without relying upon ordinary station-platform accommodation. The elephant and camel cars, not yet commenced when the writer paid his visit to the train, will be very similar to the stock cars, with the addition of a well, which will bring the floor to within a few inches of the ballast. The roofs of these cars will also lift off when "my lord the elephant" is in process of taking his seat.

While visiting the great provincial towns the train itself is likely to tax the resources of goods-yards. It will require nearly a mile of siding accommodation into which to be shunted. Again, as the Barnum-Bailey Show (in some phase or the other) is likely to remain in the country for a period of five years, the winter quarters of this colossal train will demand special consideration. Accordingly, the builders are now busy fitting up a huge shed, 520 feet long, to provide a suitable home for it during the off-season, which will probably last from November to April. Owing to many important but none the less troublesome modifications in the original plans, rendered necessary by what our American cousins consider the cramped surroundings of British railroads, the contractors, Messrs. W. R. Renshaw, of Stoke-on-Trent, have had their work cut out to make the whole fit together harmoniously. Again, as this same firm was also entrusted with the construction of the great iron curtain at Olympia, a job which, consequent upon the sudden decision of the London County Council, had to be carried out in the almost incredibly short time of six weeks, the work of proceeding with their previous order for the train has been much retarded. However, when finally completed, and provided with the interior fittings supplied by the proprietor himself, this extraordinary conglomeration of sixty-seven of the longest railroad vehicles ever constructed in this country will represent something over thirty thousand pounds' worth of rolling-stock. Needless to say, it is exciting considerable interest in railway circles, while the Board of Trade is, I hear, keeping its weather eye turned in the same direction.



THE WINTER HOME OF THE TRAIN.

Special regulations are to be observed in working it, and none of the cars, with the exception of the advertising Pullman, will be allowed to be attached to ordinary trains, goods or passenger. In conclusion, it may be remarked that the stock and flat cars are equipped with a very ingenious form of automatic coupling apparatus, the invention of the versatile Mr. Bailey himself.

H. G. A

HOW BRITAIN WOULD "CUT UP."

On the principle that it is well to be prepared for any emergency, a writer in one of the monthly magazines has been trying to estimate how our well-beloved country would "cut up" after an unsuccessful war with one or more of the Great Powers. His idea is that when the Russian Bear or German Eagle or French Cockerel had appropriated the hearth and home, or den, of the British Lion, they would want a considerable amount of the root of all evil before they would return to their own premises. He thinks, too, that the demand would be calculated to take the ordinary man's breath away, because the failure of Bismarck to accurately gauge the squeezability of France will be handed down to future generations of conquerors as a lesson that must not be forgotten. There is something premature about the whole question. Down to the present there has been no great war, and when one comes it is likely that the journey from St. Petersburg, Berlin, or Paris to London will have fewer facilities than at present. Moreover, by the time a foreign Power dictates terms to the collection of good men and true assembled at St. Stephen's, it is likely that England will have spent so much of the national wealth that there will be little or nothing to draw upon. Then, again, the object of the war, when it comes, will be to deprive England of opportunities of making money by trade, and the country will be able to remark with Shylock, "You take my life when you do take the means whereby I live." On these grounds one may conclude that the article on England's power of paying up after a big fight is only valuable from the purely journalistic standpoint.

GIRLS AS GYMNASTS.

Photographs by Lafayette, Dublin.

Miss Chamberlain. Miss Welton.

Miss Baker. Miss Cooke. Mr. Clense.

Miss Mace.



Miss Jenning.

Miss A. Levy.

Miss K. Levy. Miss Goldberg.

BIRMINGHAM LADIES' TEAM.

Miss Fisher. Miss F. Thompson. Miss N. Lawrence. Miss Mansfield. Mr. Hart. Miss E. Matheson. Miss K. Lawrence. Miss Smyly. Miss McKean.



Miss Smith.

Miss Crawford.

Miss V. Matheson.

Miss M. Matheson.

Miss E. Thompson.

Miss Murtagh.

Miss H. Lawrence.

IRISH LADIES' TEAM.

TREE-FELLING.

An expert woodman once laid it down that the great secret of successful tree-logging was never to saw off a high branch between one's perch and the trunk. In the same way, it might be said that the main principle in tree-felling is to stand clear when the trunk begins to



TREE-FELLING: WITH SAW AND WEDGE.

Photo by Newman, Berkhampstead.

give. But the subject is a knotty one, seeing that different trees possess varying characteristics and have to be treated differently. The leafless time of year is the woodman's harvest. It is when the trees are bare that they are most easily handled, and the fact that the sap is dormant for a time allows of the trunk even of the biggest being severed with greater ease than would be possible when the leaf is on.

The legitimate method of tree-felling is said to be that which employs but a single implement—the axe. But while as a method of exhibiting the wielder's prowess and obtaining severe exercise this is above criticism, for utilitarian purposes it leaves much to be desired, and the cross-cut saw, aided by the beetle and any number of wedges, is almost invariably employed. To fell a small tree is a very simple matter, and can be achieved by a man and a boy with ease, but to tackle a full-grown oak or spreading chestnut is another matter, calling for the exercise both of judgment and skill. The operation is begun by clearing the ground from any suckers or underwood. The cross-cut, a saw some four feet long with a handle at each end, is then brought to bear and the sawing commenced. It is, however, soon found that the saw jams owing to the tree pressing down and pinching the blade. This is overcome by making a second cut at an angle to the first, until a wedge-shaped slice can be pulled out. It is then possible to go on with the cross-cut, and, as soon as the depth of the saw is well in the trunk, the first wedge is driven in by means of the beetle, with the object of keeping the edges traversed by the saw apart and preventing pinching. As the work proceeds, more and bigger wedges are inserted, and so the saw is worked until all but an inch or so is divided. And then the giant trunk, thrown out of its centre of gravity by the wedges, turns on the remaining wood and bark as on a hinge, and falls to the ground away from the woodmen, who have, of course, been careful to cut towards the point to which it is desired that the tree should fall. The work is exhilarating and not without its occasional excitement. Once prone, the tree is rapidly knocked out of shape, its branches lopped, its trunk divided into portable sections, and what was a monarch of the forest becomes mere timber, at so much a load.

RACING NOTES.

As I have mentioned many times before, the telephone wires are often utilised for the despatch of winners from the course to big towns, and it seems passing strange that the Post Office people do not appropriate these wires when their own have broken down. At a meeting held not long ago the messages sent by telephone beat those despatched over the G. P. O. telegraph wires by fifty minutes, and it is needless to add that such a state of affairs caused a big commotion in the London Clubs. In any case, however, to prevent fraud, layers should positively decline to do business after the advertised time of the race.

It is gratifying to hear that Mr. Barnato will continue the racing stud got together by the late Mr. Woolf Joel, as Charley Archer is a capable trainer who can be relied upon to place the horses to advantage if they are good enough. The South African millionaires, by-the-by, have had their run of luck on the English turf of late. Mr. Mosenthal, I believe, plays the game pluckily, and he seldom makes mistakes, thanks to the coaching he receives from J. Hornsby. In R. Sherard, Mr. Seymour has a past-master in the art of training.

Before racing takes place at Folkestone again the Executive must make arrangements to have some Metropolitan police and detectives

there, as I am told that several daring robberies took place at the last meeting. Indeed, one well-known owner was held up in the chief ring. One thing is certain: the local police cannot cope with the shady gentry that visit the meeting from London, and the resources of Scotland Yard should be called upon to meet the difficulty. Further, the local railway station needs better police protection, and I have no doubt this will be forthcoming at the next fixture.

I am told that a cheap edition of John Porter's book will shortly be published, and I predict for it a large sale, as the Master of Kingsclere has given us a highly interesting and edifying work. I hope Mr. Porter will add a chapter on jockeys and their riding, and include in it his opinion of Tod Sloan. It is not so many years since Mr. Porter told one of my young men that there was not the length of his walking-stick between the best jockey of the day and a smart stable-lad. Methinks that walking-stick would have to be half the length of Fleet Street to bring Sloan and a stable-lad together.

Everything points to a good meeting at Epsom next week. I have walked the course, and found it to be in the pink of condition, reflecting the highest credit on Mr. H. M. Dorling and his men. The field for the Great Metropolitan on Tuesday is not likely to be a large one, as many of the recognised stayers are not fit yet. I am told that Bird-on-the-Wing is very likely to run, although, on form, Northallerton looks to have a chance. The race for the City and Suburban is likely to be an exciting one. If Chelandry runs, I should take her to beat all-comers, and only in her absence should I favour the chance of Brayhead, who has been well backed.

We are often told that Mr. Cecil Rhodes is a self-made man; but, if my information is right, his father owned twelve hundred acres of land in North London, including the present site of the Alexandra Palace and Racecourse. The proceeds of this little lot of land would be a good start towards making oneself rich, and I am not sure that the racecourse will not eventually turn out to be a better investment than many of the South African gold-mines. At any rate, one of our leading bookmakers must think so, as he spent one morning last week in prospecting Tattersall's ring for a good pitch in view of the meeting that took place on Saturday.

The season under National Hunt Rules, which is now practically over, cannot be said to have been a very successful one, and it is a pity that this branch of the sport cannot be elevated. I think, to a certain extent, the secret of the mischief lies in the fact that racecourse companies are allowed to offer such trumpery prizes, which compel some of the shady owners to resort to other means to make a bit. Some of the in-and-out running seen during the last winter proved that many horses competing were never intended to win, and in some races it looked as though some farming was going on. CAPTAIN COE.



A GOOD SOUND STICK OF TIMBER.

Photo by Newman, Berkhampstead.

SOCIETY ON WHEELS.

When to light up: Wednesday, April 13, 7.51; Thursday, 7.53; Friday, 7.54; Saturday, 7.56; Sunday, 7.57; Monday, 7.59; Tuesday, 8.1.

I have it upon excellent authority that a law-suit likely to interest all persons directly or indirectly connected with the bicycle trade is down for hearing at an early date. Of course, I am not at liberty to mention names or to go into details, but the upshot of the affair simply is that a clever foreign engineer, having invented a new sort of bicycle, brought it to England, and here, it is alleged, his rights over the invention have been filched from him by a well-known English company-promoter. Hence his action at law. If he is in the right, may all success attend him, for I have seen the machine, and it certainly is a marvellous improvement over every similar sort of bicycle at present on the market.

Mr. Cecil Kennard writes to my editor from Kilmarkin, Liss. "Where in the States," he asks, "does the man who runs your bicycle column find his good roads? I know the States as well as the next man, and have not found a *passably* good one. On the contrary, they are all execrable." Either my correspondent has not been in America very lately, or his knowledge of the States is circumscribed. The roads in and about Chicago are bad to beat in excellence from the cyclist's standpoint, and in and about nearly all the growing cities, such as Buffalo, Denver, St. Louis, Boston, Cincinnati, and Sacramento, the roads are good now and are being improved year by year. As for the roads about San Francisco, excellent is the only adjective that adequately describes the condition of their surface, though, of course, the country is hilly. In and beyond the Golden Gate Park the roads are especially good, hence the popularity of cycling in San Francisco. I admit that Market Street and Castro Street and other streets in the heart of the city itself are, as my correspondent states, execrable, and so are the roads in and about New Orleans, Mobile, and several other Southern cities. Upon the whole, however, the condition of the roads in and about most of the important towns are smooth and well-made and far pleasanter to cycle over than are the majority of our English roads, though it stands to reason that, in a country which one cannot cross by rail in less than four days and a half, carriage-roads from city to city do not exist.

Not many weeks ago I described in these columns "Pattison's Hygienic Saddle," which seemed to me, at that time, to be the best sort of saddle as yet produced. I hear now that all the new Elswick cycles are to be fitted with the Pattison saddle, and I feel confident that no



MR. H. REEVES-SMITH.

Photo by Thomas, Cheapside.

person who has tried a Pattison will ever adopt a saddle of any other design. And, besides being comfortable, it is strongly recommended by the faculty, who, as most cyclists are aware, have long been in search of a bicycle-saddle which they could warrant as absolutely non-injurious.

By the time this note appears in print, Mr. R. L. Jefferson will be on the point of starting on his adventurous bicycle-ride to Khiva. It is now twenty-four years since the late Colonel Burnaby accomplished the

same journey on horseback, the record of whose experiences formed such a fascinating volume. Mr. Jefferson has the advantage in choice of season, as he will not have to encounter the intense cold experienced by Colonel Burnaby in his winter ride, but doubtless the indomitable



OFF TO THE OGRE'S CASTLE.

CHARLES LAURI AS SLYBOOTS IN "PUSS IN BOOTS."

Photo by Warwick Brookes, Manchester.

wheelman will meet with adventures enough in the little-known regions he proposes to cross to give the world an interesting narrative. I wish him God-speed, and a prosperous journey and a safe return.

I have more than once in this column murmured complaints on that complaintful subject, the carriage of bicycles by railway. I am delighted now to be able to chronicle a move in the right direction on the part of the Furness Railway Company. They are having their new brake-vans made an extra length, and provided with a special platform for the accommodation of six bicycles. Each machine fits into a separate leather-padded groove on this platform, and straps are provided to fasten the handle of each bicycle so as to prevent oscillation, and they are thus not only securely stabled, but kept quite apart from the other luggage. It is to be hoped that other railway companies will follow the example of the Furness, and that before long we shall find suitable provision made for our machines on all the principal lines.

One would imagine that the advice to ride quietly round corners would be unnecessary to most cyclists, for the danger of neglecting this advice is so obvious. If a herd of bullocks, for example, should be in possession of the road, the consequence is likely to be serious to the incautious rider, who may speedily find himself on the horns of something worse than a dilemma. This want of caution caused an accident, which, fortunately, did not prove so serious as it might have done, to a party of cyclists riding between Dunstable and Leighton Buzzard a short time ago. Turning a corner at much too high a rate of speed, they suddenly found themselves in the midst of a company of foreigners with a troupe of performing bears. There was no time to pull up, and they had perforce to charge into the obstruction. Next moment one of the cyclists was struggling on the back of an astonished bear, from which alarming position he was quickly extricated by the attendants before Bruin had time to realise the situation. The back of a bear being considerably softer to fall upon than the hard high-road, the unfortunate rider came off with nothing worse than a shaking, and possibly a fright, after his unexpected encounter with the wild beasts.

A semi-romantic, semi-serious love-match has just taken place between two former students of an Illinois college—Miss Barbara Gebhardt, a prepossessing American girl, and a young Japanese convert and missionary named Joshisuka Hirose. The latter became a Christian partly owing to the influence of his future wife, and it is understood that they will devote themselves to missionary work. Thus the sweet girl graduate has paved the way both to Christianity and to matrimony.

In the depths of the Black Forest there is a monastery which claims to be the most aristocratic in the world. All the monks who live there, far removed from the distractions of this world, are of noble birth, and many of them bear some of the noblest names to be found in the Almanach de Gotha. The two cooks of the monastery are Prince Edward of Schönberg-Hartenstein and Prince Philip of Hohenlohe, who filled, not so many years ago, two of the highest positions at the German Court. The porter, Baron von Drais, belongs to one of the oldest families of Baden, and among other noblemen who are employed in the most menial tasks are Baron von Salis, Baron von Oer, and Count Memptirine, all of whom have held high commands in the Saxon Army.

THE WORLD OF SPORT.

TEN MILES AMATEUR CHAMPIONSHIP.

The record was topped in the matter of entries for the twentieth annual race for this championship at Stamford Bridge on April 2, twenty-six men sending in their names, of whom twenty-three placed themselves under the orders of the starter. The Liverpool champion, J. Tennant, forced the pace at the outset, and led at the end of a mile, the watch denoting 4 min. 50 sec. S. J. Robinson (the National Cross-Country



THE TEN MILES CHAMPIONSHIP, ROBINSON LEADING.

Champion, and the winner of the Paris race) showed the way at two miles, followed by J. Tennant, W. Stokes (Worcester), H. Harrison (Manchester), E. Barlow (Manchester), J. D. Marsh (Salford), C. Bennett (Finchley Harriers), H. A. Munro (United Hospitals), and M. Davie (Ranelagh). Robinson in the end won comfortably by about thirty yards, Bennett (Finchley Harriers) being rather less than that distance ahead of Barlow (Manchester). G. J. T. Weedon (Highgate Harriers), the first Londoner to finish, was fourth, a lap behind. The following five also finished: J. Tennant (Liverpool), E. Reeman (Highgate), W. H. Sanders (South London Harriers), C. J. Lee-Warner (Blackheath), and J. E. Dixon (London Athletic Club). The last-named covered the ten miles in 64 min. 12 sec.—a marvellous performance for a man who is in his forty-eighth year, and who ran third when W. Snook won the Ten Miles Championship fifteen years ago. The winner's time was 53 min. 12 sec.

The Band.



THE GREAT FOOTBALL MATCH BETWEEN ENGLAND AND SCOTLAND AT GLASGOW.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY MACLURE AND MACDONALD, GLASGOW.

FOOTBALL.

Over fifty thousand persons witnessed the Association football match between England and Scotland at Glasgow on April 2, where an interesting game ended in favour of the Englishmen by three goals to one. The players were—

ENGLAND.—Robinson (New Brighton Tower), goal; W. J. Oakley (Corinthians) and Williams (West Bromwich Albion), backs; Forman (Notts Forest), C. Wreford-Brown (Corinthians), and Needham (Sheffield United), half-backs; Athersmith (Aston Villa) and Bloomer (Derby County), right wing; G. O. Smith (Corinthians), centre; and Wheldon (Aston Villa) and Spikesley (Sheffield Wednesday), left wing.

SCOTLAND.—K. Anderson (Queen's Park), goal; J. Drummond (Glasgow Rangers) and D. Doyle (Celtic), backs; N. Gibson (Glasgow Rangers), J. Cowan (Aston Villa), and A. Robertson (Everton), half-backs; J. Bell (Everton) and J. Campbell (Celtic), right wing; A. Maxwell (Stoke), centre; and J. Miller (Glasgow Rangers) and A. Smith (Glasgow Rangers), left wing.

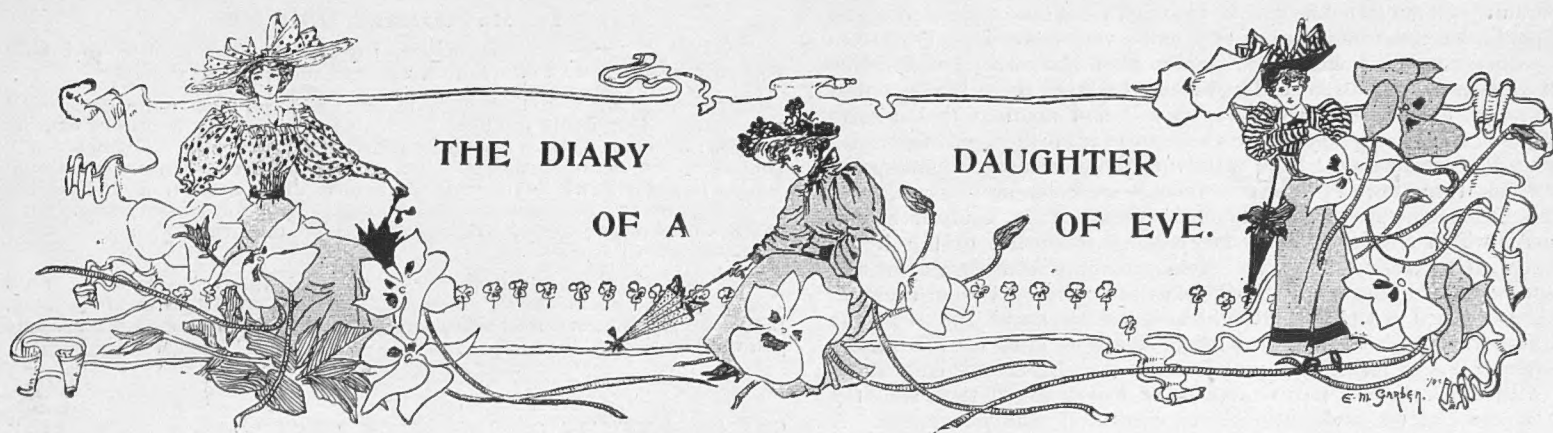
Of the twenty-seven matches now played, the Scotchmen can claim thirteen victories to England's eight, with six drawn games.

GOLF.

A Perth correspondent points out that, while Mr. D. Gillespie, of Cupar, Fife, is the oldest golfer in Scotland, as he was elected a member of the Cupar Union Club in 1831, the venerable Earl of Mansfield holds the second place in seniority in Scotland, having been elected an ordinary member of the Royal Perth Club in 1833.

THE GERMAN ARMY MANŒUVRES.

It is noticeable that fewer troops will take part in the manœuvres of the German Army in Hanover this autumn than for several years past. In 1896 there were 98 battalions, 85 squadrons, and 93 batteries. In 1897 the numbers were much increased, for there were 144 battalions, 121 squadrons, and 69 batteries. Next September the 7th and 10th Army Corps, reinforced by a third division of infantry, will take part in the manœuvres, numbering 89 battalions, 60 squadrons, and 69 batteries. One of the chief features of the German manœuvres of 1898 will be the large proportion of troops employed in works of defence on the field of operations. A division of six regiments of cavalry will be under the command of Prince Frederick Leopold of Prussia, and the other six will be attached one to each infantry division.



Monday.—Much excitement was caused in the neighbourhood by the arrival of my new dress from Alice Riley's, 15, Hanover Street, Hanover Square, and an excellent frock it is, whose picture I shall, with my usual liberality and kind generosity of nature, consent to have reproduced in these columns for the benefit of womankind. It is made

The possession of a new dress induces in me a surprising activity, so that it be a walking-dress; if it be a tea-gown, an equally surprising idleness; if an evening-frock, a desire for dissipation. Writing of tea-gowns reminds me that Mrs. Hamilton has a new one of most elegant aspect, made of one of those Irish poplins labelled "Pim," in a shade of



A PRETTY DRESS FROM ALICE RILEY'S.



[Copyright.]

A NEW COSTUME FROM JOHN SIMMONS'.

of a curious shimmering canvas, with a big collar, and soft lisse vest, and it fits admirably. Alice Riley has such pleasing materials of French extract and quite different from those to be met in the shops, while her clothes have the knack of becoming simplicity in their styles, and yet they are pre-eminently up to date while never overdone.

turquoise-blue. It has a front of cream-coloured net with a ring-spot upon it, with an appliqué design of cream lace, and the sleeves have deep, full under-sleeves of the net, while round the shoulders is a collar of lace with frills of net. Poplin is a charming fabric, and Mrs. Hamilton persisted in telling me how beautiful Pim's poplins were, and with what

a remarkably silky surface they have invested their latest plaid designs. Plaid poplin has a perennial popularity, and a very smart dress I saw from Paris quite recently was made of a Gordon plaid skirt with a short black coat and an éru lisse waistcoat. But why am I talking about Pim's poplins when I ought to be doing my duty by myself and mention that I have taken so sincere a fancy to the hat which turns up in the front that, with characteristic contrariety, I have spent the whole morning in purchasing those which turn down? I have seldom seen better millinery than at the present moment possessed by Madame Yorke, of 12, Clifford Street, the shape which so charmed my fancy being somewhat of the Dollie Varden, with a narrow brim in the front, widening considerably at the sides, and trimmed with a wreath of leaves or flowers. One of these, in violet straw lined with pink straw, has a wreath round it, low in the front, somewhat high at the back, of mauve and pink convolvuli, the cache-peigne being formed of pink roses. Another is of bass straw lined with black chip, a narrow wreath of leaves round the brim, the crown of roses at the back outlined by a wreath of mauve lavender. A grey and white chip hat, decorated with grey and white feathers, seemed almost commonplace after these; but it is a pretty hat, all the same. And one of the form upon which fashion smiles, with the brim turning back, has a crown of green straw, a brim of white straw, and a bunch of cream-coloured and black jonquils at one side, a double bow of black velvet ribbon forming the cache-peigne. It is admirable in every detail. And, again, I recollect with much pleasure a pink chip hat with a straw brim fringed with rose-leaves, the crown trimmed with a bunch of roses and a bunch of white heather. Many hats of the picture description there are which I love not, though I did admire the latest handiwork of Madame Yorke, labelled "For bridesmaids," of white chip in the old flop shape, trimmed with just a band of velvet and a couple of feathers. A novelty in straw hats has alternate rows of straw and velvet piping, and a scarf of chiffon at one side, with a bunch of curled quills. The latest craze of Paris, Mandarin yellow, shines gaily on a satin straw which boasts a trimming of orange-tinted roses and a couple of jet quills. But, again I repeat, those hats with the narrow brims wreathed with flowers are among the prettiest I have seen this year. 12, Clifford Street, should be the haunt of the fashionable woman who would follow in my footsteps and crown herself with elegance, and I shall try and persuade my long-suffering artist to go there next week and sketch my latest love.

Friday.—My dear sister Florrie, with a weary air and a most shabby frock, waited on my doorstep this morning, *en route* for John Simmons and Sons', 35, Haymarket. She was quite plaintive about her shabbiness, just as if it had been my fault instead of her own. She is a sweet woman, but somewhat dilatory. She never orders a new costume until the season for which it is primarily intended is on the wing. However, John Simmons and Sons are used to her procrastinating little ways, and always let her have her clothes by return of post. I ordered for her an excellent grey vicuna to-day, delightfully simple in its details. I am rapidly conceiving a sincere dislike to the tweed dress which is elaborated with braidings, applied patterns, and flounces. There is much charm in simplicity, so that it be stamped with good workmanship.

I tried to persuade Florrie into the purchase of three dresses at once, just to save myself a little trouble (even at much expense to her), but, really, Simmons' are most inexpensive, which is very kind of them. They showed us a very good dress with a cloth skirt and a tight bodice, braided, with broad tabs and big-pointed revers, displaying a little cravat of white lisse tied into a bow. Furthermore I took much pleasure in an alpaca costume with a very high belt and a frilled fichu disappearing into the waist, the tight sleeves recalling the Directoire period, and the entire style being suited for any light fabric. It would look well in alpaca or cashmere or linen, with a black satin belt and a little black velvet band round the throat. I shall register it on the tablets of my mind "for the future."

We went back to tea with Julia, who was much interested in her new set of china, a plausible imitation of Sèvres, and she insisted that we should go upstairs and interview a new trunk she has just bought. Julia has a passion for exhibiting her possessions. Florrie said, rather plaintively, "I do not mind seeing all Julia's new clothes, but when it comes to being dragged up two flights of stairs in order to see those which have come home from the cleaner's, I strike." However, the trunk had not come home from the cleaner's, but from Foot's, 171, New Bond Street, and it certainly is a most excellent specimen of its kind. It is fitted with drawers, it is very light of weight, being made of cane suitably covered, and it has plenty of space in it. I like the idea of compartments in a trunk; such innovations suggest perhaps one day I may be able to pack some of my own things; hitherto the settling of one pocket-handkerchief has been beyond my powers. Foot's trunks are a boon and a blessing to the helpless woman. In their ingenious construction you can find anything you want. And I like their hat-boxes too, with padded linings, through which it is possible to pin securely your most treasured millinery. Foot is a benefactor to women, there is no doubt about that. Julia, with a weak endeavour to be funny, says that now she can "Foot" it merrily over the Continent without a maid. I do not think I want to have my possessions so arranged that I can do without a maid, but, notwithstanding, I am appreciative of the inventive genius of Mr. Foot. Dear Julia is off to Germany next week. The periodic visits that she pays to her husband's family must be very trying to them. Were it not that her knowledge of the language is limited, I suspect that she would reorganise all their households on British lines. As it is, she gets rather portly on their excellent food, and comes home and reviles their domestic virtues.

TO MY CORRESPONDENTS.

A CONSTANT READER.—I cannot satisfactorily reply to your question, so I have handed your letter over to the Editor, who will, no doubt, let you know.

MONA.—You are more than amiable, and I must say I am quite glad to get your letter. How would you like a black alpaca dress, with insertions of ivory guipure; the other gown to be of grey canvas, with an interwoven fringe? The poplins you can get in charming shades. I have just been looking at patterns of poplins from Pim's, which are particularly nice. They come from Ireland, but you can get them from every first-class draper. There are some very good tones of grey, or perhaps you would like mauve. I like the idea of cream lace bows appliquéd on to the yellow.

BERTHE.—Excellent shoes are to be obtained from the American Shoe Company, 169, Regent Street. They make quite a special point of the long, thin shape you like, and their shoes and boots are so light to wear. I am sure you will like them.

VIRGINIA.

THE MARQUIS OF DOURO'S "ESTATES IN SPAIN."

There are hundreds of people scattered up and down this country who, possessing not a single rood of land, not a shird of real property, are yet the fortunate proprietors of "estates in Spain," and though they may be without the price of a third-class ticket to Dover, without a day's leisure to call their own, they yet snatch many a moment to visit their "Spanish Castles," and freely roam through the spacious chambers and the lordly pleasaunces, even while their bodies wearily plod the mill-round of an incessant and unromantic toil; and unhappy indeed are those matter-of-fact mortals whose lack of imagination robs them of excursions as inexpensive as delightful! The Spanish Estates of the Marquis of Douro, more familiarly known to Britons as the Duke of Wellington, are decidedly more substantial, though hardly more enjoyable, than those to which I have referred. They were granted to the present peer's great predecessor, the Iron Duke, at the same time as the Spanish Marquisate was conferred upon him, in gratitude for the incalculable services he rendered during the Peninsular War to that romantic land of donnas and duennas, serenades and siestas, of bull-fights and bankruptcy, of which poets have written enthralingly, historians lovingly, and financiers hopelessly for many a long year. The English tourist, be his pursuits what they may, will not fail to visit the Soto de Roma, although it possesses little of interest beyond that reflected on it by the great Captain of England.

This property lies about three leagues from Granada, and is bounded to the west by Sierra de Elvira, which rises like a throne of stone above the carpeted Vega. The estate derives its name either from the Wood of Pomegranates, or, more probably, from the village of Ruma, which in the time of the Moors was inhabited by Christians. The Soto de Roma was once an appanage of the Kings of Granada, and was granted in 1492 by Ferdinand to his lieutenant, Señor Alavçon, at the siege of that city. On the failure of the Alavçon family the estate was resumed by the Crown, to be henceforward granted to Court favourites. Charles III. gave it to Richard Wall, his former Prime Minister. This Irish gentleman lived here in 1776. Before he came, the house was in ruins, and the land neglected, the fate of most "absentee" properties in Spain; but Wall, although eighty-three years of age, put everything into perfect order. After Wall's death Charles IV. bestowed the estate on his minion Godoy.

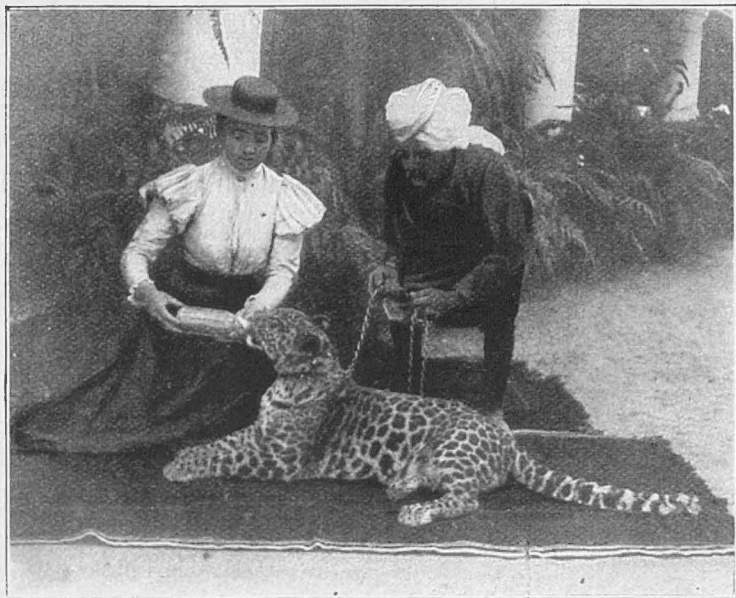
At the French invasion Joseph Bonaparte, *qui faisait bien ses affaires*, secured the property to himself. The victory of Salamanca, however, proved a flaw in the title, whereupon the Cortes granted the estate to the able practitioner (Wellington), who, settled the reconveyance, and this is one of the few of their grants which Ferdinand II., though very reluctantly, confirmed. The Duke of Wellington held the estate, or estates, by *escritura de posesion*, in fee simple, and unentailed. The actual Soto de Roma contains some four thousand acres of cornland, and was once celebrated for those pheasants that Charles V. had introduced, and that were destroyed in the time of Sebastian. Says a writer of some forty years since—

The value of the estate has been enormously magnified by Spaniards, first from their habitual "ponderacion," then from a desire to exaggerate the national gift, and lastly from their not knowing what they are talking about. Thus, they say the Soto is worth at least a million, until in Spain, and out of Spain, it is considered an Eldorado. In sober reality, the land itself is poor, and the house—this so-called palace—in England would only pass for a decent manor farm.

The whole property in 1815 produced about three thousand pounds a-year; it then declined, in common with all other estates in the Vega, and subsequently rents grew worse and burdens were increased. Under Ferdinand the conditions of the grant were respected; under the Liberal Constitution many a right was violated. The estate was granted "tithe free," but when the Church revenues were "appropriated," a full tithe was exacted for Church and secular coffers. The rambling old mansion, The Grange, contained little worth notice (the green-gages in the garden may be excepted, though hardly in the mansion), and it is now, I understand, uninhabited. The Duke's agent resides in a new mansion, La Torre, on the Molino del Rey portion of the property (some five thousand acres), which boasts two of the finest olive-gardens in Spain, producing, perhaps, twenty thousand gallons of oil annually. In 1864, many improvements, including steam-engine and mill, were made at large cost, and the income of the estate is now stated to be some ten thousand pounds per annum.

THE PANTHER AS A PET.

Budh, the Satpura panther of these illustrations, was found in May 1897 in a cave about a mile from the Mohpani Coal-mines, Central Provinces, by Mr. F. L. G. Simpson, who gave him to his wife. Mrs. Simpson, having reared him successfully, presented him in February 1898, through Mr. H. M. Phipson, Secretary of the Bombay Natural



FEEDING THE BABY.

History Society, to the Victoria Gardens, Bombay. Budh, so named because found on a Wednesday, had two little brothers. They were found when only nine days old, and their eyes were only just opening. One of the three was smothered by the others a few days after being taken, and another one died of distemper at the age of about four months. Budh was pulled through the distemper only by great care. He and Brisbat, the one which died at four months old, were the most playful animals you could imagine, and Budh never lost this playful disposition. He would come at his mistress's call, and would follow her about almost like a dog. When he lost his playmate he was very disconsolate for a time, but quickly learned to play with a doll or a basket, and to run after a tennis-ball just as a kitten would.

He was very fond of climbing trees, and both he and Brisbat used to delight in getting up four or five feet into the small trees, and sleeping in the branches. When Budh became larger he would go up larger trees to a height of fifteen feet or so, and had to be prevented going further. He grew very large for his age, and was very powerful; but, although often quite able to take the law into his own hands, had he been so disposed, he remained perfectly sweet-tempered throughout, and at eight months old was as playful as ever, and always anxious to be fondled by his mistress, and, indeed, by all about him. He was brought up on the juice of meat and goat's milk, and ate raw meat from the age of five or six weeks. But he was still using his bottle at eight months old. His teeth were still very small, but his claws were well developed.

A remarkable characteristic of the two cubs was their perfect fearlessness, both in playing with each other and in climbing, in the course of which they would receive the most awkward falls with indifference. They would jump on the backs of the dogs with great delight—a thing, however, they were not allowed to do as they became larger.

HONOURABLE SOCIETY OF THE BARONETAGE.

Why this society? It was formed only the other day, but already it is strong in names and numbers. So far, apparently, it has not adopted any motto. "Nemo me impune lacessit" would not be a bad one. The baronets have their corporation now, and they will be better able to meet the buffetings which have assailed them as an order.

The baronetage has been betwixt and between. It is our one titled order which has had no chapter, no organisation as a whole. The peers are a regular household; so the Privy Councillors, so the various groups of knights. At last the baronets have arisen, and they say—or rather, perhaps, some of them say—"Nobody shall provoke us with impunity."

It came about in this way. A decree went forth that the children of legal life peers were to be styled Honourable, and were to take rank after the children of barons and before the baronets. Precedence—precedence for somebody else! King James I., who created the baronetage as we now know it, declared under his seal—"Baronets shall hold a mean rank between barons and knights." These may not be the words of the Act, but they carry its meaning. Many things the baronets had put up with since the time of King James. To have to take a back seat to the sons of legal life peers—well, that was unspeakable!

People thought it good fun when certain "revolted baronets" set up a shout of discontent. We are a tender-hearted folk, and we don't care to see heads broken in a mêlée. There is ever encouragement, however, for any scrimmage which promises amusement without risk to anybody. "Go it, my lads," said the man in the street to the "revolted baronets";

"go it, my lads, and we'll see fair play." Nothing could be done, perhaps, in reference to the new Honourables—that was past praying for—yet others might be encouraged to trespass unless promptly warned off. For instance, the sons of the spiritual peers might be advancing with a request for precedence before the baronets. A large demand that would have been, no doubt; still, what was impossible?

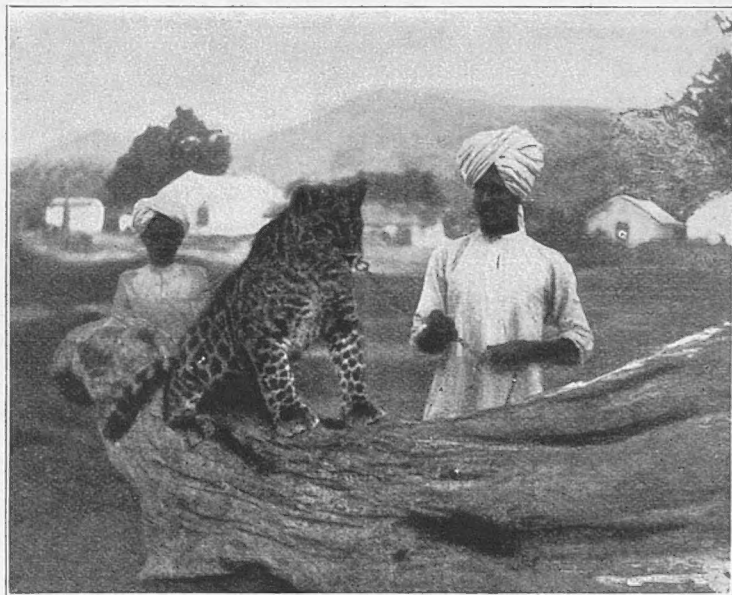
"We ask the honourable order," ran the appeal of the provisional committee of the baronetage, "to combine for putting a stop to the unauthorised assumption of the dignity of a baronet, and for the maintenance in their integrity of the privileges and precedence guaranteed by the Crown." You see, there was a second main object—to keep the baronetage clear of those whose titles to belong to it might legally be inadequate. It is alleged that at this moment over fifty individuals use the style and dignity of a baronet without having real authority for the same. The calculation was made by the "revolted baronets," who described the thing as an obvious scandal, as well as a clear wrong towards rightful bearers of the title.

The point here involved can be explained in a minute—it is a question of succession. Suppose a dispute arises about the succession to a peerage, the matter is fully gone into by the House of Lords. Evidence is taken as to the rightful claimant; every item at issue is threshed out. But suppose a like case to arise in connection with the baronetage. There has been no body which could deal with it, and hence baronetcies have been assumed which some authorities declare should have lapsed for want of a regular successor. Well, the movement aimed at preventing that, and such as that, as well as defending the "precedence and privileges" of the baronetage. Obviously the baronets would have to get powers from Parliament before they could become a self-governing corporation in the sense of the peers, and that is for the future.

"Do you sympathise with our objects?" and "Are you willing to join a society which would endeavour to attain them?"—these questions were, in effect, sent to all baronets. The answer has been the society itself, which is available only for baronets, their sons and brothers in succession, and their heirs-presumptive. Baronets with ancient titles have given in their adhesion, so have baronets who have in person received their titles. The chaff of the outsider has fallen harmlessly upon the "revolted baronets"; they have proved themselves serious. Further, they have found a name which is a passport in itself—the Honourable Society of the Baronetage. Bless you, my children!

Curiously enough, the first baronets—those of the time of King James—waged a long struggle on behalf of their rights and dignities. It differed somewhat in details from the present one, being aggressive rather than defensive, yet the line of contest was the same. The Stuart baronets claimed from their royal master that they should have precedence over the younger sons of barons. To this the barons offered a vehement resistance; it would never do at all to cut off their younger sons in such a fashion. The baronets did not withdraw their claim in a day or a week or a month. They kept pegging at it, and even had special conferences with the King on the subject.

In the end they were beaten, only James, who had the Stuart good-nature, did not set them down empty. True, they must regard themselves as a "mean rank" between barons and knights, but they would have an augmentation of arms, and their sons, on coming of age, should be made knights. It may be news to many people to hear that the latter privilege was claimed not longer ago than 1874. In that year a baronet's eldest son was made a knight by virtue of the fact that his father was a baronet. George IV. dropped the right to claim knighthood on this ground, unless the baronetcy had been created before 1827.



A MOMENT'S REST FROM PLAY.

Presumably the baronetcies which go farther back in date of creation might yet plead for the accompanying knighthood. The result of the plea would be another matter. Probably the Queen, who keeps a severe hand on title-rolls, would not view it very favourably. Anyhow, this is no plank in the programme of the Honourable Society of the Baronetage.

THE VAGABONDS' CLUB.

The accompanying amusing illustrations represent a very clever satire on a recent crisis in the affairs of the Vagabonds' Club. That organisation numbers, I believe, several hundred members. Its eclectic character makes it not always easy, I gather, for the two secretaries to secure the

subscriptions of the members. In one illustration, the artist, Mr. Star Wood, has depicted the secretaries—Mr. G. B. Burgin and Mr. Douglas Sladen—being carried off to prison in chains, in consequence of their inability to meet the expenditure of the club. The second illustration represents the beatification of these secretaries, after the subscriptions have been paid. The Vagabonds' Club, which is called "The New Vagabonds' Club," to distinguish it from an earlier organisation, meets once a month to dine and make speeches. The point of the gathering would appear to be that claimed by one of the secretaries, Mr. Burgin, that "the club has always been ready to hold out the hand of good-fellowship

to the struggling author or artist of merit before he has obtained the recognition which is his due." It would certainly seem to be a good thing that a young writer or a young artist, immediately on setting foot in London, should find some society where he can be introduced to a large number of fellow-artists and fellow-writers who have already climbed some steps of the ladder. The organisation of the club is in capable hands. Mr. Douglas Sladen is well known as a writer of verse, as the author of more than one interesting book of travel, and as the literary critic of two or three important weekly journals. His colleague, Mr. G. B. Burgin, has written several novels, has edited the *Idler*, and is now the literary adviser to the publishing firm of Arthur Pearson, Limited.

There is, no doubt, a considerable amount of prejudice in existence against the Vagabonds' Club. Part of it is due to the supercilious attitude of men who, having already succeeded in life, consider that they have no call to associate with men who are not successful. Part, no doubt, is also due to casual lapses of taste, of which the Vagabonds' Club may be declared by an impartial critic to be guilty. But, after attending two recent dinners, at one of which Mr. Weedon Grossmith was the guest of the Club, and the other at which that place was filled by Mr. Anthony Hope Hawkins, I frankly confess to having no share in that prejudice. The Club is the most genuinely democratic institution in the British Isles; there is a good-comradeship about the gatherings which has no counterpart, and no distinction is recognised between the men who have succeeded, the men who are rapidly on the way to success, and those who will, probably, never attain to very much distinction. Success is, after all, so largely a matter of mere luck—ability and character play so secondary a part in it—that I am quite sure that the Vagabonds' Club is right in attempting to ignore it. It must require no small ability for the secretaries to weld together so many incongruous elements—authors, artists, journalists, and men associated with industries which only in an indirect way pertain to these. I wish the Vagabonds many years' prosperous and comfortable dining

HORS D'ŒUVRES.

That our one and unique W. S. Gilbert is a legal luminary as well as a dramatic and lyrical humorist has long been known to the public. But, though the combination is not unnatural, it is much to be desired that a partition, humour-tight and law-tight, should be constructed between the two compartments of his intellect. It has sometimes been the complaint of his otherwise delighted audiences that he was a little too fond of introducing the subtleties of the law into his comic operas, and, beyond doubt, there is too much opera-bouffe in his occasional appearances in the law courts as a plaintiff. The recent case in which Mr. Gilbert was engaged against a journal concerned with the drama was no exception to the rule—in fact, it showed the exact defects which have once or twice impaired the effect of the librettist's literary skill and shortened the run of his operas. The motive of the case was trivial, and the end unsatisfactory. The litigants were sent off, as the French have it, *dos-à-dos*, and to decide which had the better of it would be as hopeless a task as to unravel the insoluble puzzle on which "Ruddigore" dropped its curtain.

The question was complicated by the fact, duly, or even more than duly, brought out by the Judge, that Mr. Gilbert was really the aggressor. In the kindness of his heart he had submitted to be interviewed, to add a modicum of advertisement to Miss Fortescue's tour of his latest play. Now, an interview is somewhat like a gold-mine: you know what you put into it, but you do not know what will come out. What the interviewer probably wanted, and what would have advanced the interests of Miss Fortescue, was that Mr. Gilbert should have gossiped pleasantly about himself and his work in general, and the play he was then producing in particular. But here Mr. Gilbert's natural modesty came in and spoilt everything. He could not bring himself to prattle of his own affairs, and so he discussed other people's. So far from being inordinate self-conceit that led him into candid criticism of the drama, it was obviously shyness and reserve. But, as obviously, the choice of subject was a great mistake. Mr. Gilbert has never been considered by the public as a critic. A satirist of a pleasant and witty type he is, as everyone knows; but it is one thing to weave gentle satire on moulting tragedians in general into an ingeniously rhymed stanza, and quite another to declare in bald prose that there is not an actor on our stage who can speak thirty lines of blank verse tolerably. It may be so—or again, it may not be so. The faculty is not often put to the test, except in the case of Shakspeare's plays, which are traditionally delivered and traditionally received. As for modern works, I am not aware that we have a writer who could give us a thirty-line speech in blank verse at once poetical and convincing; nor do I know where the writer would get an audience to endure his thirty lines. The *tirade* is a French institution which has never really been acclimatised over here.

So, too, with the other opinions attributed justly or unjustly to Mr. Gilbert by his interviewer. His criticisms may be true in some respects, though unfavourable; but what was he doing in the critical galley at all? The latest revival of "The Mikado" substituted, significantly enough, for "the lady novelist," "That singular anomaly, the critic-dramatist—I don't think he'd be missed—I'm sure he'd not be missed!" Very true, if rather personal; but is the dramatist-critic less anomalous? So, too, it is doubtless unfair to compare an adaptation from the French with an original English play, as if they were on the same plane; but why should Mr. Gilbert in particular be bound to point this out? And this practice is more laziness or lack of time than wilful unfairness. Unless a critic is always referring to the original of a derived play, he naturally falls into the trick of criticising it exactly as he does the original pieces that usually occupy his attention. The critic knows that Mr. Grundy did not write either Dumas' plays; but unless he has the French open before him, or present in his mind, he will insensibly treat the English form as an original play. It is not right, doubtless; but it is ordinary human indolence.

It seems curious that a professional satirist and a critic of remarkable candour should invoke the law to avenge a heavy-handed but not outrageous retort on his expressed or reported opinions. For here, if anywhere, was surely the place for a touch of Mr. Gilbert's art. The most casual observer can see points that would lend themselves to exquisite satire or humorous parody in the *Era*, or in the members of "the profession" who have felt aggrieved. The very advertisement pages of that most useful and, I believe, profitable journal are a perpetual joy to the humorist. Then, too, the unvarying unctuousness of provincial notices calls for the vinegar of the cynic. And Mr. Gilbert is great enough, and rich enough, and old enough to do what he likes, and clever enough to be at feud with a dozen journals, and come out top.

And instead of writing a squib or a skit, he goes to law, and sets Walton, Q.C., to fight Carson, Q.C. How comparatively stupid a contest—and how much more expensive!

MARMITON.

CITY NOTES.

In consequence of the Easter Holiday arrangements, we have had to go to press so early with this issue that the Money Article would have been antedated and has thus been held over this week.

